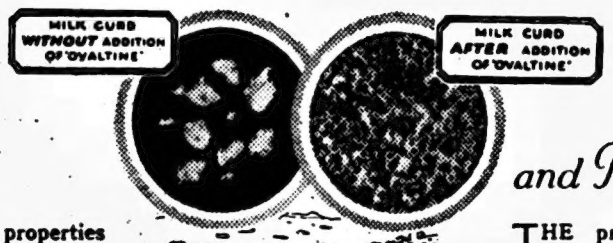
TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1602.

YOU ARE THE MUG (SEE PAGE SEVEN)

JOHN BULL

Why 'OVALTINE' Transforms Milk

into a delicious, digestible and more nourishing Food

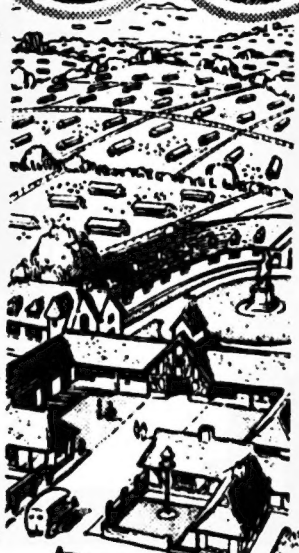


Because:—

'OVALTINE' has special properties which, when added to milk, make the milk completely digestible and ensure that its nutritive properties are readily assimilated. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' makes milk far more nourishing by increasing its content of vitamins, calcium, phosphorus, iron and other health-giving elements.

'Ovaltine' is so delicious that its addition to milk transforms the milk into a delightful beverage which is readily acceptable to children or adults.

'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfect tonic food, made from the choicest and best of Nature's protective and restorative foods.



and Remember—

THE proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to exceptional lengths to ensure the unvarying high quality of the ingredients used. The 'Ovaltine' Egg and Dairy Farms—the most up-to-date in the world—were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

Supremely good as it is, 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage you can buy—even when you make it entirely with milk. It is so highly concentrated that very little is required to make a cupful.

For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' should be the daily beverage in your home. It is the surest safeguard of health for you—and for every member of the family.

To drink 'Ovaltine' always — is a Health Protection

Remember—'Ovaltine' is now served in Cafés Restaurants & Milk Bars

The 'OVALTINE' DAIRY FARM—with its registered Herd of Pedigree Jersey Cows

P3166A

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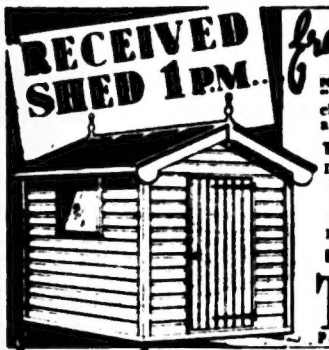

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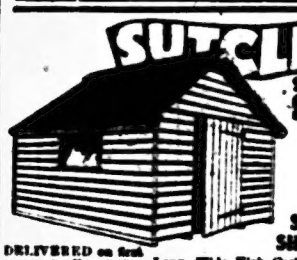

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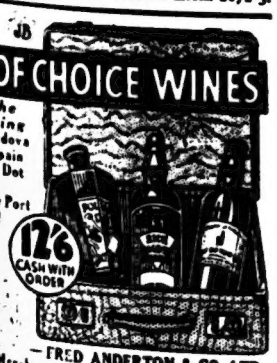

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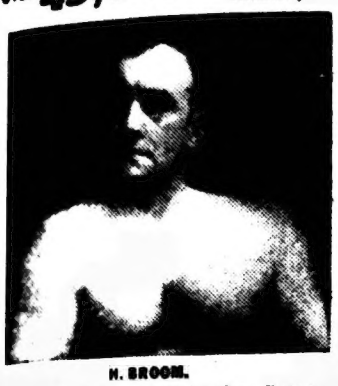

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As Mr. Johnson was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

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OVER £3,950 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD NO. 50.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 50, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Answers on one figure (see page 40) were those submitted by 561 competitors who share the 3,000 Guineas offered as First Prize and will, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, receive £5 10s. 0d. each.

Owing to pressure on space, we are unable to print names and addresses here, but all sharing the Prize have been notified by post and full list of names and addresses can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Any entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize and who has not received the notification mentioned above, must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 2, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £300 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 3,879 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. An addition of £67 12s. has been made to this prize-money for convenience of distribution and each Runner-up will receive an Extra Award. A list of these Runners-up also can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

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A further £200 will be divided between prize-winners who made a "Crossword Gazette" reservation in accordance with the Terms of the offer.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

YOU *are* the MUG

They're all enjoying the game of "lucky dip"—except you, because it's your pockets they're dipping into

HOW is your wage envelope this week? It looks very much the same as twelve months back. But it isn't. For you are buying less with your money than you could a year ago; less even than a month ago. Foodstuffs and commodities are going up.

Very soon there will be a further startling jump in the cost of living—a jump which will hit every family in the country, and hit the poor most of all.

Prices must rise still further because of the methods by which the Government is financing its war programme—as the result of what Sir Robert Barclay, the banker, has called the "uneconomic outpouring of public money."

We are to have guns before butter; but even the butter is to cost us more. For every pound you spent two months ago you must spend twenty-two shillings to-day—or put up with cheaper and inferior goods.

Thousands of homes will have to buy cheaper goods; so that malnutrition, already eating like a cancer into the lives of millions of our people, will increase. What a mockery of the physical fitness campaign!

Although its own experts declare that the poorest will suffer most, the Government has consistently increased the price of food. During the last five years it has increased food taxation by more than £20,000,000 a year. In the same period it has increased the taxation of commodities in general use by £65,000,000 a year.

It has handed to its friends vast subsidies for which you have to pay—on wheat, beet sugar, milk, bacon, herrings and a dozen other things.

The only limit of the Government's generosity is the size of the burden you will bear without kicking too hard.

But what about all these wage increases—those millions the Government propagandists boast about—have they not offset the rise in prices? They have not.

Those much-vaunted wage increases during the last twelve months amounted to a little more than £20,000,000. Now the yearly income of Britain's wage earners is reckoned at just over £2,000,000,000. So this increase represents the tiny figure of 1 per cent.—and it has already been more than eaten up by dearer foods, prices for which in many cases are 30, 40 and even 50 per cent. greater than a year ago.

Wheat prices have jumped by 50 per cent. from 6s. to 9s. 6d. a cwt. Canadian cheese has increased from 60s. to 71s.—a rise of nearly 20 per cent. Pork is 6s., against 5s. for 8 lb. a year ago — 20 per cent. up. Cocoa is 150 per cent. higher at 50s. a cwt. Flour prices have risen by more than 30 per cent.

The official figures for the wholesale price of cereals and meat are 20 per cent. up, and for other food 1 per cent. up. And as the wholesale prices lead the way, the retail prices follow. So you can get ready to put your hand into your pocket again.

Wherever in the country bodies of workers have lately received small wage increases after sustained pressure by the trades unions, prices of essential foodstuffs have jumped even higher than the levels imposed by the Government in its rake's progress to economic ruin.

As soon as they learn that people in local industries are about to receive wage advances to cope in small measure with rising food costs, the vendors immediately inflate them a stage higher still. They do so even before the workers get the extra money.

A common example of this has just been seen in the textile areas of Yorkshire. On the day after it was announced that the employers there had at last conceded a meagre rise in wages the prices of all staple articles of diet—butter, cheese, meat, lard, flour and the like—bounded up without any justification from their already unconscionably high levels.

There is, of course, no check at all on the food distributors. They can do this kind of thing when they please, and always with impunity.

Now what can be done to help you—the poor mug who always has to pay, pay, pay for what the Cabinet decides?

In the first place, the cost of living index itself must at once be revised. It is now based on information collected from 2,000 families more than 33 years ago!

This index figure has never been applicable to the conditions it is used to influence. Yet the wages and salaries of two million workers fluctuate according to its aberrations, and seven million more are under wages agreements in the negotiation of which it was the dominating factor.

The Government is languidly trying to get something like reasonable figures by a new enquiry into living costs. That enquiry must be speeded up.

Also the Government must make the Food Council, now a body which can only make recommendations and suggestions, a really effective organisation by giving it power to *act*.

Since the Government's policy encourages profiteering by food sharks, it must curb their rapacity.

In the war years there was a Profiteering Act which stopped some of the money-grabbers, and which, revived and revised, could curb them again.

Again, in the depression of 1931 the Board of Trade and the Minister of Agriculture were charged with watching food prices in order to prevent your being exploited. Not much was done, but a Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Act was ready for use. Since it has lapsed. It should be introduced again.

But all these are half-measures. The Government has encouraged the conditions which make them necessary, by a policy of increasing the burden of indirect taxation, by a costly policy of tariffs and subsidies handed out gaily to all its friends.

The millions have been paid away, and now the bill is coming home. It is the bill which *you* will have to pay. You always have been the mug. You still are. You will always be until you send some better men to manage your business at Westminster.

Straight From The Shoulder . . .

Truth Behind Coal Shortage Scare

Prices Forced Up : Miners Kept Idle ★ Hotels Snub Famous Soccer Teams
Propaganda Loses Big Orders ★ How Landowners "Keep Fit"

PROPAGANDA has been printed in many newspapers that there is a serious shortage in South Wales coal production. It is inspired by the coalowners, and its evil intentions must be exposed at once.

There is a grave and growing shortage of Welsh coal. Prices have advanced 33 per cent., big business has been lost. French and Mediterranean importers are threatening to find supplies elsewhere.

An Impudent Lie

Colliery owners are said to want numbers of men and boys, but can't find them to put to work. This is a lie.

There are 65,000 redundant miners in South Wales. The wages of miners in Glamorgan alone have fallen from £40,000,000 in 1921 to £12,000,000 in 1936.

Weekly output could be raised easily from 750,000 to 1,000,000 tons if some of the 200 pits which have been closed were reopened.

The owners prefer an artificial shortage and higher prices. This is the real truth behind the situation.

Miners Don't Benefit

Miners have not benefited at all by recent heavy rises in prices. Their wages are regulated by pit-head prices of coal, which are kept low

Big profits are made by subsidiary coal marketing companies, in which neither miners nor colliery shareholders take any part.

Operated and controlled by colliery directors, these "middlemen" concerns sell coal at as much as two and a half times pit-head prices.

No Limit To Production

Owners could obtain permission, under the Coal Marketing Act, to produce as much coal as they could sell. But they are afraid of having to open more collieries, bring down prices, pay more wages.

And so they blame unemployed miners, keep them out of work, and pile up big money.

Again we repeat that the coal industry must pass to the nation's control at once.

Injustice To M.P.s

Pity hard-working M.P.s. Jack Jones, of Silvertown, one of the hardest-working in the House, has just signed the roll. Until then he could not draw his salary of £400 a year. He was ill when M.P.s had to take the oath again after the abdication.

Any M.P. may sign the roll on the first day of a new Parliament, never look into the House again, and keep on drawing his salary until the Dissolution.

Speculators' Chaos

Portchester, really a suburb of Portsmouth has a housing mess equal to any.

Within the last five years speculative builders have put up 2,500 houses. Population is growing so fast that Fareham Urban District Council cannot keep pace with the chaos left behind.

At least 20,000 people are expected to settle there before 1947, and they will have to watch tides rising to the level of their front doors.

Cesspool Drainage

Drainage is carried out by cesspools, and the council has four special vehicles, costing £1,000 each, to empty these periodically.

Now the council is negotiating with the Ministry of Health for a loan to lay down a modern drainage system.

All this should have been done when the estates were laid out. A far-seeing local authority would have laid down conditions for development to prevent this muddle.

Reform Inside

The Bishop of Melton Mowbray, where the pies come from, says the worst unbelief is inside the Church. Hundreds of

Thousands of miners are waiting to go down pits, while owners spread scare stories of shortage

people go to church merely because churchgoing is respectable.

They have no vital belief; there is no trace of Christianity in their daily lives. They go to church on Sundays, sand their sugar on Mondays, and bully their servants all the week.

Church Undermanned

Church leaders in charge of the "Recall to Religion" campaign will be in difficulties if they get the response they are asking for. The Church is undermanned.

There are hundreds of parishes with 50,000 or more inhabitants with only one clergyman and no money to pay for a second.

The point seems to be that before the general sends his troops into action he should see that they are properly equipped.

Ex-Convict "Financier"

An ex-convict, not long out of jail after a long term of penal servitude, has settled down in the City of London as a "financier." JOHN BULL, through its exposures, helped to put him away.

He is behind several concerns which will shortly ask the public to take up shares. But we believe we can stop him in time. A great deal of information about him, his plans and movements have been passed to the City Police.

Jailbird Associates

Some of his associates are either jailbirds or financial crooks well known to the police. One, an American, Jack van Allen, was recently deported.

So watch carefully for the tempting circulars which are sure to come to you. No matter how tempting the proposition, ask our advice before buying from the "mystery man."

B.B.C. Wins

Radio chiefs are not at all displeased with the outcome of the charges of "Left Bias" made by Die-hard M.P.s. They never had any doubt that they would win, but they feared that if enough mud were thrown some of it would stick.

Now the Die-hards do not know where to turn to make their next attack.

Meanwhile great strides are being made with television. We exclusively forecast that E.M.I. would win the race to become the official system.

TWO leading football clubs, Arsenal and Leicester City, have been told, in effect, by hotel managers that their players are not good enough to mix with other guests.

Leicester City was snubbed by a Somerset hotel when it applied for accommodation. The hotel did not cater for "professional footballers."

Like Arsenal, this team has stayed at some of the leading hotels in the country.

But Arsenal was told at Brighton that it must keep to certain parts of an hotel, "and not to use the whole of the premises like the other guests."

So the club went elsewhere, and the first hotel has lost custom worth £1,000 a year.

Suicide Lorries

We have said a lot lately about defective lorries.

One case we dealt with was that of a Leeds boy who was killed by a lorry whose driver knew his brakes were faulty but was afraid of getting the sack if he reported them.

His employers, the Silkburn Coal Company, had exhibited a notice in which the harshest instructions were given to drivers about reporting their lorries and "standing about" while waiting for them to be repaired.

Dear Lesson!

As the sequel to this death, the company has now been heavily fined for allowing a defective lorry on the road by a magistrate who said it was the "very worst and most callous case" he had heard.

A boy's life has paid for the lesson that must now be learnt.

Death Shoes

The boot and shoe manufacturing industry had a scheme which, it hoped, would drive cheap death-shoes off the market.

Even the cheapest boots would have soles of leather—or a hard-wearing waterproof composition.

Yet teachers tell JOHN BULL of children reaching school with wet feet, victims of cardboard soles.

One of our representatives has seen soles being made of old rags and other such rubbish in what is called a "leather mill."

Such exploiters should have a taste of real leather.

Scoundrel's Tea Party!

Sentences ranging from nine months to three years were imposed by Mr. Justice Humphreys at Nottingham Assizes on six tea swindlers.

JOHN BULL has chased hundreds of tea bonus scamps to jail, but these six men robbed an old woman of her life savings of £230 before they were caught.

One hundred per cent. profit was promised under a "bonus" scheme. There were other victims, all of whom lost what were to them large sums.

Confidence Men Win?

Despite precautions at ports and aerodromes to exclude undesirable foreigners, crooks and confidence tricksters are slipping through.

They are coming to London early in readiness for the Coronation harvest.

A West End hotel was combed out in vain because a notorious individual, who escaped the entry cordon by means of a false passport, was believed to be staying there.

The man is still at liberty.

Is It Fair?

It has been decided that three reprimands in 10,000 miles are sufficient cause to close a Metropolitan police driver's career.

How we hate these rigid, arbitrary rulings, which make no allowance whatever for good luck or bad.

You hear hare-brained young drivers of crimson sports cars boast [illegible] have never dented a wing in [illegible]. Careful police drivers, after [illegible] out mishap, find themselves [illegible] one bump after another inside [illegible] —and back they go on point [illegible].

Bilking

The Treasury must be the [illegible] for the old Circumlocution Office.

Pay increases, dating from October last, were granted by the [illegible] court to Whitehall clerks who [illegible] underpaid for fifteen years. But [illegible] men are still waiting for the [illegible].

"Keep Fit" For Landowners

Landlords' bank balances [illegible] to be kept fat by the Government's "Keep Fit" scheme. Land [illegible] for training and recreation [illegible] high prices will be charged.

Southend wanted six acres [illegible] Eastwood. Owners asked £3,625. The Arbitrator fixed price at £1,800. Hornsey has just had to buy a strip [illegible] to provide an entrance to a park. Price here was at the rate of £6,710 an acre.

Rates Riddles

Esher ratepayers summoned for arrears at Kingston County Police Court complained that they had paid rates to landlords who did not pass on the money to the council.

From the Bench they were given excellent advice. They were told that this "abominable practice" could be stopped by paying rent to the Council until all arrears were met.

You Can Try!

That is one way. Another has been outlined by the Ministry of Health. It is to pay rent, allow oneself to be summoned, pay up before appearing in court, deduct the sum from rent due and then try to recover damages from the landlord. You can try!

The only sensible way for the ordinary man is to keep on demanding that rent and rates are paid in such a way that honest tenants cannot be made to suffer for the misdeeds of dishonest landlords.

Pit Disaster Victims

Dependants of the seven victims of the Normanton pit disaster are covered by the Midland Relief Society. It is claimed that the widows will be cared for throughout life and their children until they are sixteen.

If this can be done in one large area it should be done on a national scale.

Surplus funds from previous disasters are said to exceed £45,000.

That could be made the basis for a scheme whereby this huge industry should support in comfort the victims of disasters.

Making Germany Pay

Germany is struggling towards self-sufficiency. That's what Hitler and his experts claim, but at the same time German wheat buyers are now busy in all the principal markets of the world arranging for big supplies for the Army and the civil population.

With Germany's earlier debts on foreign debts fresh in their minds, wheat brokers everywhere are selling only on a cash basis.

Swindling Hypocrite

Because he was a lay preacher Albert George Owen obtained £108 from shopkeepers by canvassing orders for advertisements on time-tables which never appeared.

Now Owen has gone to prison for a year. He has regularly been exposed by JOHN BULL—and always for the same old fraud.

But the lay preacher touch is a new one for this swindling hypocrite with a one-track mind.

These pictures show Mr. Chamberlain's expression as he left his home to open his Budget on five separate occasions. Which will he wear this year?

How NEVILLE Plans His WAR LOAN Budget

"IT seems that since national security concerns everyone in this country, it is right that all classes should make some contribution towards it, though not, of course, in equal amount."

The precise voice of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke this sentence into the microphone on the evening of April 21 last year. He was explaining his Budget away to you on the radio after opening it in the House of Commons that afternoon.

To-day, seven weeks before Mr. Chamberlain opens his 1937 Budget, he and his men at the Treasury are trying to find means to make those words come only too true. Since he has launched out on a £1,500,000,000 war programme—with broad hints of more to come—the Chancellor will certainly have to make you pay up £50,000,000 more than you did last year—in spite of his £400,000,000 loan.

Roughly, he'll be taking an extra million pounds a week out of your trousers-pockets. How is he setting about it? How are the great interests, who are afraid he may descend on them for a bit extra, trying to ward off the evil day?

There's a high-windowed, sombre reception room at the Treasury, down in Whitehall, where from now until a week before Budget Day, individuals and deputations will argue that the other man should pay more—not them.

Only a very few of these callers will see Mr. Chamberlain. Civil servants—really civil ones, by the way—will attend to all but the most important. Besides callers, hundreds of memoranda arrive from trade and social organisations. Cranks, lunatics and well-meaning busybodies of every kind all flock round to the Treasury with ideas, expostulations and encouragement.

Some are rather fun: like the man who knows that income-tax is specifically forbidden by the Scriptures, and that the Chancellor is plainly identifiable with the Beast in the Book of Revelation, the one which has "seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns."

Indeed, so large is the Budget correspondence that a special section of the central registry of the Treasury is set aside to deal with it. Each letter is acknowledged. The substance of every interesting one is minuted and passed on to the appropriate official.

No new idea for taxation has ever been sent to the Treasury. For the simple reason that all possible ideas have been explored.

There is a unique book, kept normally in a Treasury safe and handed on to successive Chancellors. It is a thick volume, bound in marble parchment board, which gives an actuarial estimate of what any particular tax would yield. All possible "new" taxes have been thought out and worked out. The results are contained in that book.

Turning up his marble book, a Chancellor can see at a glance how much any proposed tax would give him, and also find detailed information as to the difficulties of collection, with reasons for and against the tax.

A bachelors tax; a tax on cycles; a licence duty on cats—the figures of yield from all such sources, no matter how unusual, are in this permanent ready-reckoner for the service of Chancellors of the Exchequer.

Soon after the end of each calendar year the Treasury sends out a communication to manufacturers and selected industrial authorities asking for a calculation of trade prospects and likely profits during the ensuing year.

These returns, coupled with special reports from the Board of Trade, Customs and Excise, and the Inland Revenue, give the Treasury an indication of what lies ahead.

From this carefully prepared précis the Chancellor knows his main Budget prospects. Mr. Chamberlain knows, for example, that in the coming fiscal year the revenue from trade sources is likely to increase by about £30,000,000.

Year after year the Treasury finds that the voluntary outside estimates are extraordinarily accurate. "A tribute to the integrity and honesty of industry" was a description given by one Chancellor to this assistance in framing a Budget.

When the Chancellor is thinking seriously of taxing—or increasing a tax on—any commodity he will approach many interests to discover the effect, but never the interests most directly concerned.

Should, for instance, this Budget bring a small addition to the duty on tea, the Chancellor is likely to consult important retailers. He will not seek information from the importers and merchants.

It is a pointer to possible increased taxation on a commodity if the prime handlers of that commodity are left strictly alone.

When the Treasury decides to investigate the possibilities of tax increase in any direction, a questionnaire is prepared and circulated to the information sources. An answer is required on many points. The majority of the questions, however, are camouflage.

Only a few question are real ones. The rest are dummies, inserted to fog the issue, in order that people cannot forecast which way the wind is blowing.

Tax alterations are touchy things to work out. Changes of import duties are, perhaps, the worst. For the finished article of one industry is often the raw material of another.

In Bermondsey, for instance, leather is a manufactured article, while in Northampton, Leicester and Norwich (centres of boot and shoe manufacture) it is a raw material. Increased taxation on foreign leather might help Bermondsey tanners. It would raise an outcry from all boot and shoe makers. You can multiply such cases for ever. . . .

Generally, when problems like these crop up, the Treasury says to all interests concerned: "You are all in this. Get together and reach a formula among yourselves. After that bring your suggestions to us, and we will consider them seriously."

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the opposing factors cannot agree, and the artful Treasury arrives at its own solution.

Some years ago, when a certain new tax was mooted, a deputation of all interests was sent away from the Treasury with this answer.

Followed a joint conference at a London restaurant. Speeches were made; proposals to find a middle course put forward. Could a formula be discovered? No. Instead of any agreement, four members of the deputation had to be treated in hospital after the fight was over.

And now what about this year's Budget?

The brewers and distillers feel pretty confident that neither beer nor whisky will be taxed any further.

Mr. Chamberlain came to an understanding with the brewers a little while back that if they, voluntarily, used more home-grown barley, he would not raise the beer duties.

Distillers feel that since the present tax of 8s. 5½d a bottle on whisky keeps the sales from rising, they are safe from further shocks. Chancellors never tax a commodity, for revenue, if its sales are stationary or diminishing.

On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain is most likely to raise the tobacco duties. Sales are going up. Manufacturers are paying some fine dividends. So look out! Your cigarettes and pipes will probably cost you more. And the Chancellor will say, "One way of making nearly all citizens pay a bit towards my war Budget."

Similarly, he has his eye on tea and sugar. If he leaves beer alone, these are two tempting articles of universal consumption. All cheap teas went up 2d. a pound a fortnight ago. Another 2d. a pound on Budget Day is not unlikely.

Petrol is another possible victim. The oil companies are shivering already.

But, as we all knew all along, the brunt of the burden will be carried by the income-tax payer.

Only a miracle can prevent the standard rate rising from 4s. 9d. to 5s. Some Jeremiahs say 5s. 3d. Mr. Chamberlain will do his utmost not to exceed 5s., however.

So he may lower the sur-tax level from £2,000 a year to £1,500. This will annoy tens of thousands. But a general level of income-tax above 5s. would annoy hundreds of thousands.

For the rest, he hopes that his vast war expenditure will increase beer, tobacco and other such revenue, will find work for many thousands, and so ease the cost of unemployment.

And when, finally, all the deputations have been seen, and all their proposals turned down, the Chancellor will draft his Budget in his own way.

Then every note made for his guidance will be destroyed in his presence. Even the blotting paper on his desk will be burned. Only two men in the Treasury, besides the Chancellor, will know the Budget secrets.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS—DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

OLD SOLDIER'S MARTYRDOM

"OLD soldiers never die, they simply fade away" is a cheery line to sing when you are young in the Service, but there is sadness and truth in it when applied to old soldiers in many parts of the country who are "fading away" in misery and despair.

A typical case is that of George Froggett, of Moss Lane East, Moss Side, Manchester. This veteran, who has given the best years of his life to his country, is now sixty-three years old.

He served with the King's Royal Rifles in the South African War and was under fire in the Transvaal from 1900 to 1902.

In September, 1914, he joined up again and saw service in Egypt and Gallipoli. Blown up with his comrades at Chocolate Hill, Gallipoli, in 1916, he spent months in military hospitals abroad and at home. For years he walked with the aid of two sticks.

Now this gallant old soldier is expected to live on a pension of 8s. 4d. a week!

Not that George Froggett complains; he is the spartan type who expects nothing and is not disappointed, but that does not lessen the scandal.

In 1927, after years of struggle and suffering, he decided to try his luck in Canada under the ex-Soldier Settlement Scheme. He was by no means a young man, but he was made of the stuff of pioneers.

From 1927 to 1930 he settled down on his own farm at Edmonton, Alberta, and was successful until his old injuries caused his health to break down, and eventually he was admitted to the University of Alberta Hospital, which has as its slogan "All Bills Must Be Paid or Secured in Advance."

Froggett received a bill for fifty-one dollars for treatment, but was told that his health would not stand the strain of work on the farm in which he had sunk everything.

In November, 1930, a yellow bill on the porch of his farm announced the Public Sale under the Soldier Settlement Board of the home that he had built up, including two mares two geldings, wagons and other implements.

So, with his son and friends who had gone out to Canada with him, Froggett returned to England.

Since then he has walked the streets of Manchester a man broken in health and body, if not in spirit. Few will offer a man of sixty odd years a job. For a time he did a few hours work a day as a doorman at a cinema, but he collapsed and so lost his job.

So life has become a procession of dismal days. He cannot rest indoors, but just walks and walks the streets. "I may get a job," he says, as he leaves the house in Moss Lane East.

Then, in the evening, he comes back tired and sits staring into the fire with hopeless eyes, muttering: "They don't seem to want an old soldier like me."

This old man's appeal to the Ministry of Pensions explaining his record, his circumstances and his disability has fallen on stony ground.

George Froggett, veteran of the Boer War and the Great War, broken in health and body as the result of the bloody carnage at Gallipoli, faces a dismal future on a pension of 8s. 4d. a week granted by a grateful country.

George Froggett

He is now "fading away" like an old soldier. Who cares? Certainly not the Ministry of Pensions, which, by a grim piece of irony, has sent him a printed form inviting him to set aside a portion of his pension under a "Pensioners' Saving Scheme."

"N.B.," says this form, "No sum of less than 1s. a week will be set aside by the Ministry, and greater amounts must be in multiples of 6d."

And this to a man whose total award is 8s. 4d. a week!

CHAIN OF MISCHIEF

THE mischievous "chain letter" fraud has been revived again, and numerous readers scattered in Bedford, Nottingham, various parts of London, and as far afield as Tipperary in the Irish Free State, are invited to make "extra money" by its means.

The "snowball" recently inaugurated is typical of most, in that a King's Lynn housewife, for example, is required to make five copies of a letter she has received from an unknown individual living at Victory Road, West Mersea, Essex.

These letters she is expected to forward at her own expense to persons she has never heard of before, residing at Taunton, in Somerset; Exeter, in Devon; and Slough, in Buckinghamshire, the name of her original correspondent appearing last on the list.

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To the first she is required to send a postal-order for sixpence, adding her own name and address, and the result will be, she is assured, that 5,125 letters containing postal-orders to the value of £78 2s. 6d. will reach her within a very short time.

The only danger is that the sequence will be broken, and the fact that a number of these perfidious "chain letters" have already reached us indicates that the promoter's anticipations are justified.

The best place to put such communications is the waste-paper basket, for the only person likely to benefit is the promoter.

Hick demonstrating models to some of his pupils

Flying Club Swindle Exposed

LIVERPOOL, like many other towns in the country, prides itself on being "air-conscious." There is pride in the local aerodrome and the young are anxious to fly.

For that reason, when a certain Mr. Basil B. Hick, who boasted of service in the Australian Flying Corps, established the Aeronautical Information Bureau, and the Central Flying Club with offices in Lime Street, Liverpool, he was welcomed with open arms, and by some with open pockets.

Reporters interviewed Basil B. Hick, while photographers took pictures of him bending impressively over a model of an aerodrome complete with toy aeroplanes.

Basil B. Hick talked easily and impressively of the good work he intended to do at the Central Flying Club.

So anxious was he to teach all and sundry how to fly that he promised to instruct workmen with small wages for threepence a lesson, plus an entrance fee of 2s. 6d.

How he was going to teach flying at threepence a lesson and steer clear of bankruptcy was not clear, but this startling innovation was duly reported in a national newspaper.

Thus the opinion gained ground that Basil B. Hick was a young man of philanthropic intentions.

How many members of Liverpool's hardworking stevedores, navvies and clerks received threepenny lessons in aeronautics is not known; they must have been few.

But we do know that Hick soon developed a sliding scale of fees based entirely on how much pupils could pay.

A young tram driver, for example, paid ten shillings deposit on an "A" licence course of instruction and six shillings a week over a period, but the instruction in this case, as in others, proved farcical.

Other pupils paid fees ranging from £20 to £45, which was to include actual flying; but they never left the ground.

After much badgering, Basil B. Hick did take a party of his pupils out to Southport Aerodrome, and excitement ran high among the would-be flyers as they saw aeroplanes taking off and landing.

"Our turn comes next," they boasted excitedly—but their turn never came for the simple reason that Basil B. Hick had forgotten that he had no aeroplane for his pupils.

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He explained to them that, owing to an unfortunate oversight, a pilot who was to have taken them up was temporarily without a licence!

So the would-be flyers trooped back home. Then a group of pupils who went out to the aerodrome found that an aeroplane which should have been waiting for them had unaccountably "got lost."

On other occasions the Chief of the Central Flying School had several excellent excuses for not taking his pupils to the aerodrome. "I can teach you far more in my lectures," he would say.

As the months went by the pupils who had paid for instruction began to lose hope—they had already lost their money.

The Central Flying Club, with all the preliminary publicity about flying lessons at threepence a time for poor people, began to lose height and speed—something was definitely wrong.

Even the Aeronautical Information Bureau, Basil B. Hick's other organisation, run from the same address which was to arrange pleasure flights and private charters, became unable to give information even about itself.

Last month the Central Flying Club in Lime Street, Liverpool, crashed badly. One dismal Monday morning a bailiff appeared as if to read the burial service over this organisation which had aroused such hopes among its pupils.

As Basil B. Hick had forgotten to arrange about aeroplanes for instructional flights, so he had been forgetting to pay the rent for the headquarters of his twin enterprises!

Even a woman secretary employed at a small salary had been left without her wages, and she was to learn subsequently that her National Insurance cards had not been stamped, with the result that for the past six weeks she has been unable to draw unemployment benefit.

If Mr. Hick starts similar flying club ventures in any other part of the country, he should be left to fly solo.

TWIN *Mine* LURE

DON'T yield to temptation and risk £10 in a venture that is being boosted throughout the country between Glasgow and Cheltenham by a concern calling itself the Twin Mac Gold Syndicate, Ltd., of St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

A good many pulses have stirred at the prospects of explorers out to drill deep into the heart of historic Quebec in search for gold, but there are pitfalls for the unwary even in the richest industry in the world.

There are always pitfalls for investors, of course, but the "offer for sale" without personal liability, contained in an attractive circular now reaching scores of residents in this country, is fraught with more risk than most.

Doubtless some simple-minded folk will respond to the invitation and despatch their cheques and banknotes to far-off Montreal, but at best the venture is a gamble.

The offer of 5,000 units of £10 apiece is based entirely on the reports made by surveyors who believe "preliminary exploration" to be well worth while. But the "officers and directors" of the Twin Mac Gold Syndicate themselves know it to be no better than a "sporting chance."

"If we strike gold, our fortunes will be secure," runs the circular they have broadcast, but the figures they quote are taken from the reports issued by established companies, while the Twin Mac enterprise has yet to begin operations.

☆ ☆ ☆

The offer is premature, to say the least of it. The effort to secure capital for an enterprise governed by a great big "If" is sheer impudence.

A Special Commission recently set up in Canada to enquire into such share-pushing scandals is driving a good many questionable financiers to seek dupes in Britain.

When we add that the "officers and directors" of the Twin Mac concern are unknown to the Canadian officials in London, it will be seen that British investors should be wary.

QUEER POSTAL CUPID

THE pernicious practice of "match-making" by post claims many victims in the course of a year.

But an enquiry into the methods practised by an adventurous individual known as E. R. Grant, who occupied premises at Granville Chambers, in the heart of prosperous Bournemouth, suggests that victims are all too willing to be fleeced.

Grant launched his matchmaking venture without a penny piece of capital for backing, set to work to "promote" a matrimonial journal called "Tryst."

To clients with whom he got in touch through the medium of advertisements Grant made it clear that his main purpose was to collect fees for effecting introductions between men and women by post!

Within a very short space of time this very enterprising matchmaker got in touch with no fewer than 400 clients, the majority of whom were invited to invest sums ranging from £300 to £1,000.

He went as far as to offer a post as editor to one applicant he met for the first time without asking for credentials.

From this reader of JOHN BULL Grant tried to secure an investment of £500, and from another, a woman he had never met in his life, asked £20 on account of "travelling expenses."

How much money he secured is best known to himself, but he suddenly disappeared from Granville Chambers without leaving as much as a trace of his proposed "magazine for friendly folk."

The companies he boasted he would found were never registered.

But since E. R. Grant left Bournemouth a number of people have called anxiously enquiring his whereabouts.

Many of Bournemouth's famous bandsmen are to go

Sacked Seaside Band Scandal

BOURNEMOUTH, in the throes of a new "bigger and better" musical policy, faces the summer season without its usual "Military Band."

It is proposed to spend £20,000 this year on the provision of music for visitors and residents, and the Coronation celebrations figure largely in the arrangements.

But while it plans with vision and foresight on the one hand, it has ruthlessly discarded an existing military band, the members of which are ex-Servicemen!

The "military" band it proposes some day to establish is to be "military" only in the musical sense, while, to the everlasting shame of Bournemouth, it has thrown a score or more ex-Army bandsmen out of work.

Among them are men who have served the corporation for twenty—even for thirty years!

One is an ex-sergeant musician, of the famous 21st Lancers, whose proud boast it is that he sounded the "Charge" at the Battle of Omdurman in 1898.

He, with a score of other ex-Army bandsmen, was employed by the Bournemouth Council for a period of twenty-seven years, but he has been dismissed, as has "Ben" White, also at Omdurman with the same well-known regiment.

Two other victims are Mr. William Stephenson and ex-Grenadier Guardsman Burton. Both are ex-Army bandsmen. Then there is Mr. Percy Bartlett, a former Territorial, who served in the band for thirteen years as trombone and euphonium player.

These and many other ex-Army bandsmen, who have been in uniform as bandsmen since boyhood, have been ruthlessly discarded, without pension or consideration of any kind, and not a few of them are in a sorry plight.

Most of them are men who served Bournemouth under the leadership of that famous conductor Sir Dan Godfrey himself, until he retired three years ago.

They were then dismissed, but were re-engaged last April, when a famous bandmaster, Lieut. Horace Grey, of the world-famous St. Hilda Colliery Band, was engaged to take over the military band.

Lieut. Grey is a soldier-bandsman and a former bandmaster of the Canadian Army. Under his leadership the Bournemouth Military Band of ex-Servicemen prospered.

The Bournemouth Council itself has expressed thorough satisfaction with Lieut. Grey's services, and at the beginning of this winter season it is not surprising to learn that local authorities at Brighton, Bognor Regis, Sandown, and Gloucester were seeking to engage him and the Bournemouth Military Band for Easter, Whitsun and possible Coronation dates.

On the strength of these invitations, Lieut. Grey sought to engage yet further ex-Servicemen musicians, and he was planning a long period of employment when the Bournemouth Town Council dropped its bomb.

Now many of the discarded ex-Army bandsmen assemble day by day at the employment exchange, while the posts they occupied are being advertised as "vacant."

The Bournemouth Town Council plans to pay regimental bands fees amounting to more than £2,000 for three months this summer season, while its own old soldier bandsmen in this prosperous town are haunted by the spectre of want.

Bournemouth must not allow this blot upon its civic reputation to remain.

Two Topical Tricksters

A CENTURY-OLD swindler has grown youthful and modern.

Exit the infamous Spanish Prisoner and enter in his crooked steps—the Spanish Refugee.

Complaints have reached the London Police of this new confidence trickster, and in a short time has claimed several victims.

He is a smartly-dressed, good-looking young man, who pretends to speak limited English and has a variety of names which at least sound Spanish. He is a "poor refugee"; whether a refugee from General Franco or the Government depends on the sentiments of the company he is keeping.

But whether Fascist or Socialist, he has in his possession a treasure of jewellery and precious stones. These, he will confide with dramatic effect, were smuggled from Spain in the face of extreme danger, and they are the last of his family property.

Another variation of the story is that the jewels have been entrusted to him in order to raise money by which other threatened people can be helped to escape from his afflicted country.

* * *

Now the refugee, who works with an accomplice, is a simple soul. He is terribly frightened that he will be defrauded in England, for he does not understand anything about our bank and Treasury notes.

At his lodgings he has some notes which he thinks are all wrong. Will his English friend entrust him with samples of genuine English notes in order that he may compare them with the notes in his possession?

Of course he is quite prepared to leave a selection of his jewels in exchange for the notes as a guarantee of good faith, and also to make a present for the service.

Tales of refugees from Spain provide these tricksters with their opening

If this amazing tale draws the hoped-for result—and it has—the jewels are passed over for the notes, and the refugee, profuse in his polite thanks, departs with the promise to return shortly.

Needless to add he does not come back, neither does his companion who vouches for him.

When the jewels are examined by an expert subsequently they are found to be glass and paste—worth practically nothing at all.

By that time, of course, the tricksters are far away and making preparations for repeating their swindle elsewhere.

Blow For 200 Orphans

JULY will be a sad month for nearly two hundred boys and girls of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at Strawberry Hill, Middlesex, which has decided to close its doors.

This Orphanage was instituted in 1870 to provide for the education and care of the children of police officers, and to place them in situations "where the prospect of an honest livelihood shall be secured."

Yet all the good will, the generosity and service which have gone to the making of this establishment's success is to be thrown away!

Sadness will settle down on the place as the footsteps of the boys and girls echo down the corridors for the last time.

Almost two hundred of them will march away, some to strange homes where they will be boarded out.

Brushing sentiment aside, let us consider a few hard facts concerning the Police Orphanage

The buildings and land have been bought at various times at a cost of £90,000, plus very considerable sums expended on repairs and renewals.

* * *

The War Memorial Hospital, which was, provided by special contributions from members of the Metropolitan and City police forces, cost £18,380, and this, like every other building at Strawberry Hill, is presumably to be scrapped.

New schools have been built during the past few years at a cost of £10,179, while £2,500 has been spent on a cinema and extension of the workshops.

Certainly our post-bag brings us evidence that some of the widows of police officers who have children there are appalled at the decision to scrap everything.

"They make the excuse for closing the Orphanage that there are not enough children," one widow writes; "but there are forty more than at the Southern Police Orphanage at Redhill, Surrey.

"Can the buildings be sold which were bought for an orphanage and subscribed for as such? We mothers are all against its closing. What is to become of the children when they are turned out?

"My son is now twelve years of age and in his scholarship year. If he is turned out now he will be too old to enter in this district for a scholarship, which means that he has lost a great chance."

This reader is unable to live on her police pension of 11s. 6d. a week granted at the death of her husband, who had served twenty-three years, and has had to seek employment.

"I cannot give my child the education and comfort that he has had at the Orphanage," she adds, "even if I were granted a generous allowance."

* * *

Another mother writes:

"Take my case. At the present moment I have two children at home, one of them is in domestic service. I have four children at Strawberry Hill. As I now go out to work all day it means that I will have to give up work and get a house with at least four rooms."

There are many similar objections. A widow has a son who is in his sixth year at the Orphanage.

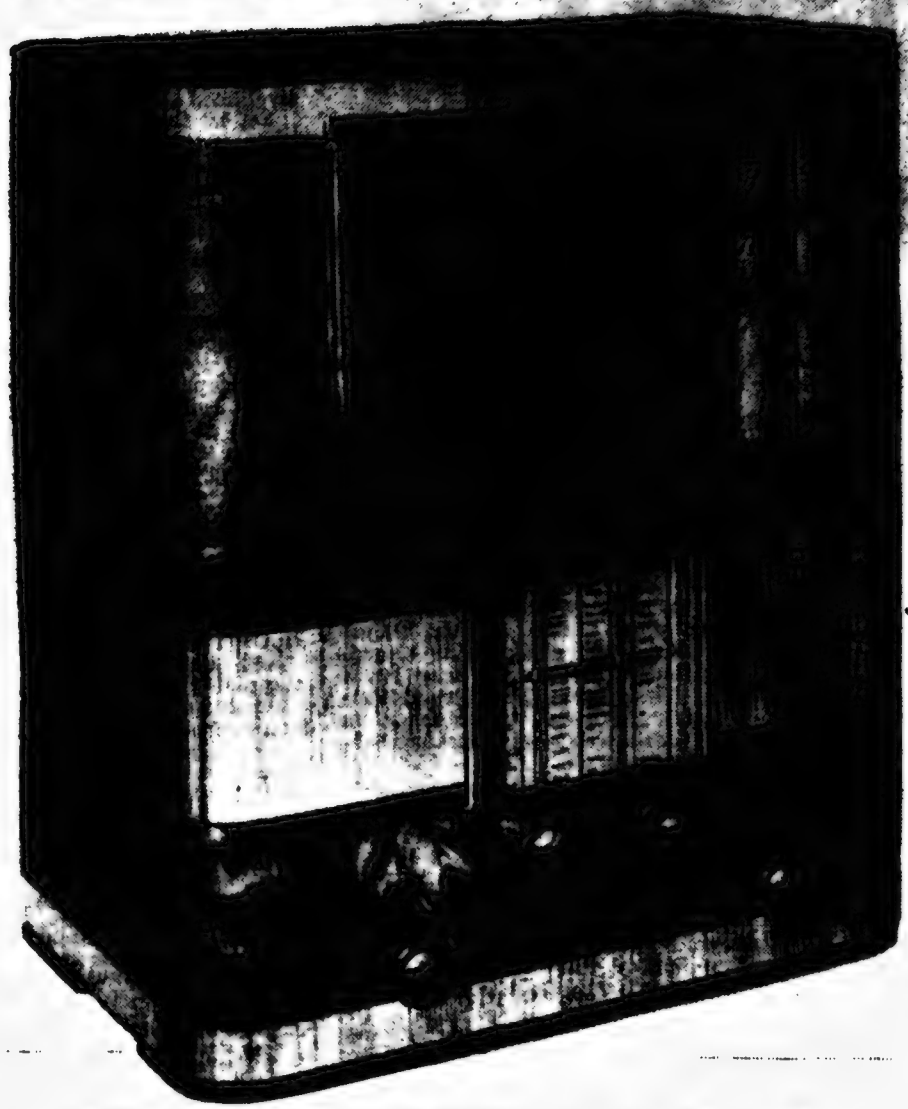
"His age is eleven, and it is just the time when he needs education and discipline most. I cannot afford to stay at home and look after my boy properly, whereas now I know that he is thoroughly cared for in a good home and has good clothes and food. My hours are long and include Sunday work."

Another sad feature of the closing of this admirable institution is that it will mean the disbanding of the After Care Committee, which has been instrumental in obtaining suitable employment for the children leaving the Orphanage.

In view of all these circumstances who can feel that the decision to close the Orphanage was a wise one?

Christopher Stone discusses

a 'current' topic



ALL-WAVE RADIO for A.C. and D.C., or Battery Operation

JUST now Short Waves seem to fill the air, so to speak. But hitherto it seemed as though listeners on A.C. mains were having most of the fun to themselves. The Bush people must have thought so, too, for they've just introduced a new All-Wave Superhet which works from batteries and another interesting model "Universal" for D.C. *and* A.C. mains.

The cabinets of both these sets are a delight, while performance reaches the very high standard set by the now famous Bush A.C. shortwave superhets. So now all of you, no matter where you live, can join in the fun on short waves. I am sure you will find the whole Bush range of receivers interesting and suggest you go along to your Bush dealer and see them.

Model D.A.C. 43. 4 valve, 7 stage superhet with 9 tuned circuits for A.C. or D.C. mains 180-260v. Wave ranges SHORT 17-51 metres, Medium 198-550 metres, Long 850-2000 metres. Clear, station-calibrated dial, dual ratio tuning control. P.M. moving coil speaker. Also, in same cabinet, All-Wave Battery model at **12 Gns.**

CASH **12½** GNS.

BUSH ALL-WAVE RADIO

MODELS FOR A.C., D.C./A.C. MAINS AND BATTERIES FROM 11½ GNS. TWO-WAVERANGE SETS FROM 8½ GNS.

POST THIS COUPON To Bush Radio Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 115), Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.
Please send me details of Universal Model D.A.C. 43, Battery Model B.A. 43, and other Bush All-Wave superhets, also name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post in ½d. unsealed envelope

THE SYMBOL OF RELIABLE RADIO

Sold only by Appointed Dealers

1038

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

MOTHER'S "ORDEAL BY CORONER"

Questions That Must Not Be Asked
Most Cruel Case For 100 Years
Think Again, Priest!

DEAR DR. COHEN,—It must have been a revelation to you as an experienced coroner to hear a mother defend her dead son at an inquest when you asked why he had left home.

The young man had left home for a very common reason. He was unemployed, and he did not want his parents to suffer.

You suggested that he was deceiving the authorities, and asked the distressed mother if she realised it was a dishonourable thing to do.

* * *

Really you ought to know that this young man was making the only sacrifice he could do, so that, in his mother's words, "he would not sponge on his family."

That was a manly thing to do, though it does rob the authorities of their legal right to adjust the family income by the means' test's ever invented.

Your questions should be addressed to the Unemployment Assistance Board and to the Minister of Labour. They will tell you why young men and women leave home.

* * *

When next you hear of any of our very many homes breaking up homes, you may be inclined to recall the distress of the mother who defended her son.

I have had thousands of letters on the Means Tests, there have been rows in Parliament, Ministers have fallen over it, and there have been protest marches.

Yet well-informed men like you who are in touch every day with the tragedies of life ask such questions as those which distressed this mother.

You may also recall that recently there was a report on coroners and their duties.

This enquiry found that, in addition to searching for the cause of death, questions were asked which caused distress and moral lectures were given which were no part of the coroner's duty.

It is hard enough to give evidence concerning the death of a loved one. It is no part of a coroner's job to ply witnesses with questions which have no bearing on the inquest.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. George Cohen, an experienced coroner, made a mother wince

Mr. HARRY LESTER,
North Kensington

DEAR SIR,—Not for a hundred years has the R.S.P.C.A. had a case of emaciation of a dog like yours. The charge on which you were fined **£25** with four guineas costs was the simple-sounding one of causing unnecessary suffering to a greyhound bitch by unreasonably omitting to provide it with sufficient nourishing food."

That is the kind of charge that could be brought against the Government in regard to thousands of children, but when there is no Court, apart from the Government, and it will be a long time before they can pass judgment.

No doubt did the Court inflict this stiff fine on you, but it fined your daughter-in-law £5 and disqualified her from holding a dog licence.

The publicity you received ought to make you ashamed of yourself, but perhaps that is too much to expect from one who allowed an animal to be so neglected that it was too weak to stand, and scarcely able to breathe.—JOHN BULL.

Father F. WOODLOCK, S.J.,
Farm Street, London

REVEREND SIR,—"A scandalous example of what bigotry can do to blind men from seeing and hearing anything that would disprove what they wish to believe."

That was your fierce and not too charitable denunciation of the report brought back from Spain by a group of Anglicans and Free Churchmen who found no evidence of an anti-God campaign in the territory controlled by the Madrid Government.

Your words cut both ways. They are equally true of those propagandists of your Church who paint a picture of General Franco as a plaster saint who with his Moors and mercenaries slaughter thousands of innocent women and children "to preserve the faith."

You may not have thought of that.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. SYMMONS,
Feltham Police Court

DEAR MR. SYMMONS,—You must feel like a little giant after declaring that even if the Prime Minister were charged with exceeding the speed limit and did not appear in person, you would endorse his licence.

All that brave speech was made when the private secretary to Sir Maurice Hankey, who is Secretary to the Cabinet, did not make a personal appearance to answer a speeding charge.

His solicitor said his client's duties were so important that he could not attend, and he asked the Court not to endorse his licence.

Of course, the Court had a perfect right to endorse the licence, but the brave speech about the Prime Minister was unnecessary and out of place.

Would you really expect the Prime Minister of England to leave his important duties to answer a speeding charge?—JOHN BULL.

Sir PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL,
Late of Malaga

DEAR SIR,—You have my sympathy. Everyone admires the way you tried to do good impartially during the battle for Malaga, and I am ashamed that the British Government tolerates your parole by Franco on condition that you do not tell what happened when the rebels entered and began their slaughter.

I do not think that even Franco would dare resist the pressure of the British Government to make sure that any hostages you left behind were not slaughtered or property destroyed because you told the truth.

Hitler would not tolerate such high-handed conduct towards a German.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. M. KEYNES,
Economist

DEAR SIR,—You have pointed out the serious consequences of a decreasing population.

But you also give me a message of hope by saying that with a stationary or a slowly declining population we might, with wisdom, raise the standard of living to what it should be.

That is what the women of Britain have been trying to do, because they realise that their rulers, without wisdom, will not do it for them.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. T. W. LLOYD,
Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—It took a great deal of courage on your part to shoulder the blame for the mistake in giving the wrong injection to a boy who died later.

The bottle from which you took the drug for the injection was not labelled. So the jury at the inquest recommended that in future bottles should be properly labelled.

It should not require the death of a boy and a coroner's jury to point that out. It should be part of the routine of any well-run hospital.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. LESLIE BURGIN,
Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

DEAR DR. BURGIN,—You admit that there is a shortage of steel for big building schemes. I know that every ton that can be spared will be snapped up for rearmament.

There is, I hear, to be a large steelworks established at Scunthorpe. What is wrong with Jarrow? It is always passed by when there is a Government work scheme about.

Not only is that town blighted by unemployment, but it seems to be cursed by a Government which should see that it gets some benefit from all the millions spent on arms.—JOHN BULL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE COUNCIL,
Swansea

GENTLEMEN,—While I do not for a moment deny that your decision to terminate the appointment of Mr. Saunders Lewis as lecturer at the University is entirely your affair, I think I can say that it also has something to do with the people of Wales.

True, Mr. Lewis is now in jail along with other Welsh Nationalists for arson at the Lleyn bombing school, but at least one of them, the Rev. Lewis Valentine, is having his post held open for him when he comes out.

I have the best authority—that of the Welsh people—for pointing out to you that you have not by any means heard the last of your decision which strikes Nationalists as hitting a man when he is down for what all Wales regards as a patriotic, if mistaken, action.—JOHN BULL.

MAYOR OF EVESHAM

YOUR WORSHIP,—You and your fellow justices are bold men. You have just overridden the verdict of a jury at a trial before the Lord Chief Justice.

At the assizes at Burnham-on-Crouch a man was accused of an offence against a girl under sixteen, to whom a child had been born. He was completely acquitted.

Now, on the girl's application, you and your colleagues have made a paternity and maintenance order against the man.

Once again our lay magistrates make a travesty of the law.—JOHN BULL.

CUCKOO!

By A Very Special Investigator

ALL over the country at the present moment old men and women, young men and maidens, are sitting by the open window or walking through the woods with ears cocked, listening. . . .

In their hands are writing-pads and fountain-pens, in their pockets are stamped envelopes addressed to their favourite newspapers, and at any moment they are prepared, each and all of them, to dash pen to pad and write something like this:

"Sir,—At a quarter past seven this morning I heard the unmistakable sound of the cuckoo's call. As we are still in February, this must surely be a record. Can any of your readers beat it?—'Anxious,' Tottenham."

Not one of them knows that it is they who are the cuckoos and the noise they fondly imagine to be a bird song is probably made by the milk boy on his early rounds, or by the cuckoo-clock in the house next door.

* * *

But why confine the business to cuckoos? What about the first pneumatic drill of the week, or the first taxi horn of the morning when the 11 p.m. ban is lifted? I know a taxi rank where every morning, just as the first grey light of dawn filters through the smoke from the surrounding factory chimneys, the cabmen awake as one man and blow a rousing fanfare on their hooters.

"Liberty!" they cry with one voice. "Equality! Fraternity!" And then, but only then, they begin to haggle with one another about certain regrettable episodes of the previous evening. "'Ere, Bill, wotchew mean by pinching that toff off me larst night. 'E wos my fare, and you shocking well know it. . . ." And so on through the day until once again curfew tolls the knell of silent hooters.

* * *

Then there awaits the pioneer the delicate task of recording the first turn of the first worm. Anyone can hear the blatant tones of the cuckoo, but how much more of a triumph to press one's ear to the soil—thus, incidentally, getting right into touch with Nature—and to listen for that faint rustle, that almost imperceptible disturbance of the earth's surface which denotes that a worm has turned.

But you have to be an early bird to do it. All the same, it's a long worm that has no turning, even if there is many a slip 'twixt the end and the tip.

The identification of noises has always had a fascination for me. It began when as a boy I learnt that dear old ballad:

Ohm, sweet ohm!
No more from thee I'll roam,
I'll ring the decibel,
And evermore will dwell
At ohm, sweet ohm.

The other night, about 2 a.m. my wife

jabbed me in the ribs. "Special!" she said, in a thrilling whisper, "what's that creaking noise on the stairs?"

"That, my dear," I said, "is due to cold night air causing a contraction of the wood which expanded during the heat of the day."

A few minutes later she woke me up again. "Special!" she muttered hoarsely. "What's that tapping sound?"

"That, my dear," I replied with praiseworthy self-control, "is actually a woodpecker in a tree at the bottom of the garden. We must remember to put out half a coconut for him to-morrow."

Shortly afterwards I was woken again. "Special!" said my wife with a note of terror in her voice, "what is that tinkling sound?"

"That," I replied bitterly, "is the decibels in the alarm-clock getting ready to ring at six o'clock."

As a matter of fact, we found in the morning that there *had* been a burglar. He took the cuckoo-clock. But why worry? Although it's gone with the burglar, it never went at home.

double your pleasure with . .

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

NIGHT-LIFE SECRETS

EXPOSED—2

Why There Are

30,000 Drug Addicts

AT the end of the room and only half seen through the tobacco smoke, a band was playing to the empty dance floor. It was playing "La Cucuracha"—"the cockroach"—notorious café tune of Central America, which (with its original words bowdlerised in translation) reached England via America and the "hot spots" of the Panama Canal zone.

Clatter of voices and glasses from the tables and from the people crowded in the half-shadows along the walls. The band played on . . . The negro drummer, his sticks discarded, bent over his drum throbbing out the rhythm of the tune, the lament of the "cockroach" because it cannot get any more "marijuana" to smoke—with his bare hands, a look of dazed, ecstatic absorption on his nodding, moon mask. "Sweet marijuana," moaned the band, "lull me to my rest."

It was two o'clock in the morning in a night club a few minutes walk from Piccadilly Circus. . . .

The girl at my table, a "hostess," was telling me how deadly dull her life had been in the parsonage where she had been brought up, how infinitely preferable was her present life as a dance hostess.

★

I thought she was protesting a little too much. And I noticed that all the time she was talking she was watching, with a kind of strained eagerness, a man who was threading his way round the room. He came to our table, and she broke off her story. "Here's Jack," she said, though he looked as if his name ought to be Miguel or Jose.

He was a slick, swarthy type, and greeted us with a wide smile. Except that his eyes didn't smile. They looked like steamed and rather dirty windows. "How 're yuh doin'," he said, in a Harlemish twang.

"Oh, Jack," she pleaded, changing her accent to match his, "gimme some drag. I wanna get high."

He took out a cigarette case. Then as he offered it to her, his eyes narrowed and appraised me for a moment. He lit the cigarette for her and offered the case to me. But I noticed that he switched it round, so that I was forced to take my cigarette, an ordinary "gasper," from the other side of the case. The others were unbranded, looked different.

They smelt different, too. After we had left us with a brief nod, for other tables, I got a whiff from the cigarette she was inhaling so gustily, a sweet reek which I had noticed in the air of the room when I came in.

"What's that you are smoking?" I asked. "Turkish? Russian?"

"No," she said absently, intent on filling her lungs with the smoke, "these are Jack's 'specials.'"

I said nothing, but I knew what those "specials" were. I had smelt that hempish reek before—hashish, or "bhang," the prepared hemp drug which Lascars smoke, and in Mexico "marijuana," the Mexican soldiers' smoke.

This was marijuana, all right. The drug that Latin-American dance tune had been singing about: "Mary Jane" or "drag" to the thousands of West End night club habitués who are now its devotees.

And pretty soon I noticed its characteristic effect on my "hostess." She began to get what she called "high." She was suffused with a hard, bright metallic gaiety; keeping up a flow of excited conversation, breaking off into peals of laughter for not much reason, and obviously thinking herself a very witty, wonderful person.

There was the same febrile air about many of the other people in the room, especially the women. There was an uncomfortable and shocking feeling about it—much more so than about people ordinarily intoxicated and "having a good time."

When I left an hour later to get out into the clean night air the band was playing more wildly than ever, and the small dance floor was packed with people dancing in muddled groups.

And my "hostess" was among them, and, like them, still "getting high. . . ."

Marijuana is the new drug which has hit London's night life, to wreck lives and bodies, and to be a thorn in the sides of the police "narcotics squads."

It was first brought into this country by some of the coloured musicians who came here during the vogue for American dance bands a few years ago.

You can get it now in dozens of the four hundred night clubs and "bottle parties" which are clustered about Piccadilly Circus.

★

Said one "bottle party" proprietor bitterly to me the other night: "The police come pelting down my stairs and close me up because I have a band. Yet I run a clean place where people can come and enjoy themselves on straight drink.

"I can smell 'drag' being smoked a mile off, and I won't have it in the place—or the boys who sell it. Yet there are plenty of 'drag' joints round here. Why don't the police get after them?"

The answer is, of course, that the police *do*. But they are handicapped by the ease with which marijuana can be brought into this country and be distributed. Because of this and the big profits in the traffic there are a great many more peddlers than of other dopes like cocaine and heroin.

"Drags" sell at anything from five shillings to ten shillings each in some clubs. They come into this country from America (there are factories for them in Harlem, the negro quarter of New York), packed like ordinary cigarettes, and sometimes bearing the labels of well-known brands.

★

It is easy enough to get them through the Customs that way. Or else they are brought over by certain members of the crew of Atlantic liners and sold to the peddlers, who buy them for about £1 a "pack" of twenty.

Then it is hard to trace the addicts. The effects of "drag" are not so obvious as cocaine sniffing; no apparatus like hypodermic syringes is required as with some other drugs. It can be indulged in fairly openly, because it is about the only drug which can be smoked in a cigarette—and cigarettes are common enough.

The only thing which gives it away is its smell, and not many people, even among the police, know enough about that to identify the stuff. So indulgence in it need not be confined to night clubs or "drug parties."

It has spread to other places. I sat in a West End cinema the other night. Two people behind me were smoking "drag."

But the traffic in marijuana began and is carried on in the shelter of alien-run "night clubs," which have sprung up like toadstools all over the West End. Its effects eventually on white people are as disastrous and shattering as any other drugs.

Even in the East, where the people are more immune to the hemp poisons, the strongest police measures have been undertaken to stamp them out.

In Egypt, Russell Pasha embarked on a great drive a few years ago to wipe out hashish—a similar compound.

He spent scores of thousands of pounds and mobilised thousands of police and soldiers. When he began the war against this drug it was being smoked so much, due to cheap imported supplies, that the whole life of the country, its national health and well-being was seriously threatened. And now, thanks to the clubs and the newer phases in London's night life, we have got it—or its equivalent—here.

"Getting high" on marijuana, in cigarette form, a more popular drug now because it is easy to get, easy to smoke, even in public. But the deadly little dope pellets still leave a trail of ruin behind them

There are other "novelties" besides marijuana which are numbering their addicts in thousands and whose "under cover" distribution is helped on by certain clubs.

★

It is possible to buy drugs of the barbiturate group in some night clubs at 2s. a capsule of one and a half grain. The peddler has means of getting them on prescription, buying a bottle of 50 for about 5s. Thus he makes £5 on his outlay—a profit of about 2,000 per cent.

There is no need to comment on this. The public is sufficiently familiar with the effects of the barbiturates through coroner's inquest reports on addicts who have "overdosed" themselves.

There have been scores of such inquests every year.

And even *these* do not tell the whole story. Authorities like Sir William Wilcox have said that hundreds of people die every year, of "natural causes" like pneumonia, whose deaths could really be

(*Continued on page 36*)

'THAT WAS AGES AGO!'

'Yes, I remember; I was just taking the batteries down to be charged.'
'Good heavens! Yes. Well, doesn't that just go to show how much longer this Exide "Hycap" lasts than that other battery!'

Exide

BATTERIES FOR RADIO

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

EXIDE 'HYCAP' BATTERIES

(*High Capacity L.T. Batteries*). The battery for modern multi-valve sets. It lasts longer on one charge. For small sets the best battery is the Exide 'D' Type. Both have the Exide Charge Indicator. Your dealer will tell you which to use.

Obtainable from your local dealer, or Exide Service Station. Exide Service Stations give service on every make of battery.

Exide Batteries, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester. Also at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast

POPULAR COMEDIAN'S SENSATIONAL HEALTH RECOVERY

All Engagements Cancelled after Car Smash

PAIN IN BACK NERVOUS SHOCK NEURITIS

Remedy Revealed in Exclusive Interview

Another Triumph for
Dr. Cassells Tablets

(*From Our Own Health Investigator*)
Blackpool, Monday.

Every day I hear glowing reports of the amazing power of Dr. Cassells Tablets.

Each tribute seems more wonderful than the last. To-day I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Terry Wilson, the well-known and immensely popular Light Comedy Star, the story of his really remarkable recovery from the effects of his serious motor accident.

It was at the time when Mr. Wilson was delighting Blackpool audiences nightly in the very successful Revue "Lucky Strike" that the misfortune occurred.

"What exactly happened, Mr. Wilson?" I asked.

"I was passing in my car by the Metropole Hotel at Blackpool on my way home after the Performance when my chauffeur was involved in an entirely unavoidable collision with a tram-car."

BADLY HURT

"Were you badly hurt?" I queried.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilson. **"I was taken to Hospital in an Ambulance and examined by a doctor. I had sustained severe bruises and nervous shock. The pain in my back persisted and after a time I was compelled to cancel all engagements.**

"But it was when I was on my way to recovery from the accident that I discovered that I was in a very bad state of 'nerves.' Think what 'nerves' mean to a professional entertainer! I began to wonder if I should ever resume my career. I could not digest my food and felt weak and completely run-down . . . suffering agonies from a severe attack of Neuritis.

"One day a lady who had herself received benefit from Dr. Cassells Tablets recommended me to try them. At that time I had no confidence in them because I had tried so many other remedies without success."

NEVER FELT BETTER

"Did Dr. Cassells Tablets benefit you?" I asked.

"To my delight, I began to feel for the first time real relief, and now after taking only two 1/3 bottles of these Tablets, I can swear to one and all that I am now completely free from pain, fully restored to perfect health and have never felt better in my life.

"I shall spread the good news of Dr. Cassells Tablets wherever I go. I consider them the health marvel of the century."

Weak Nerves can put every function of your body out of order.

HEADACHES	PALPITATION
BACKACHE	HYSTERIA
IRRITABILITY	INDIGESTION
NEURALGIA	NERVOUS
SCIATICA	BREAKDOWN
DEPRESSION	NEURITIS

—these are only a few of the symptoms of Nerve Trouble. But Dr. Cassells Tablets will put you right. They are all the nerve soothers, tonics and strengtheners which your system needs.

Dr. Cassels Tablets are the complete treatment . . . they strengthen the nerves whilst they rejuvenate the whole body. Do not suffer longer, begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY!

From All Chemists

6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Give LONDON A Chance!

By HANNEN SWAFFER

I AM a Londoner. What does that mean? It might mean anything.

All Londoners were not born within the sound of Bow Bells to become "Cockneys." They came indeed, from all parts of the country, some in search of adventure, some because they thought the Big Money was there.

Some were born of parents who came from the highlands of Scotland, or the Yorkshire moors, or the grimy towns of Lancashire, or the spreading Midlands, or rocky Cornwall.

I was a boy of eight, came up from Brixton where we then lived, warned by the boys of my school that if I wasn't careful Jack the Ripper would get me!

We Londoners are of all kinds. We even live in boroughs the boundaries of which we do not know, and in Parliamentary divisions we are not sure about.

As sometimes, we move from one to another, we have found it hard to grow a civic consciousness.

But now, in Coronation Year, we are conscious, hundreds of thousands of us, of a new pride. We have had three years of government at County Hall by Herbert Morrison and his Labour majority.

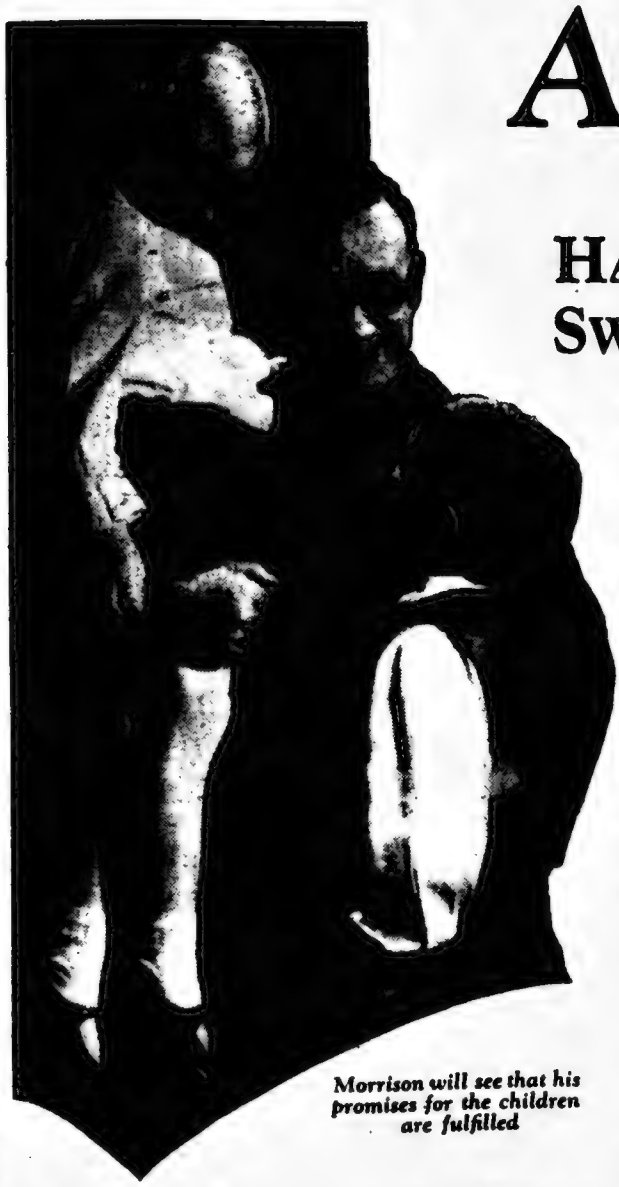
We have been run for the first time, not by Tories who patronised us and pretended they were our superiors. London has at last been governed by ordinary men and women—and governed so well that a new humanity is spreading abroad and London is boasting that, for three years, it has been the best governed city in the world.

Have you ever seen London from the air? I have. On several occasions, I have flown across it in an aeroplane. Once, during the Frederickshaven early one morning, I sailed over the Thames in a mighty Zeppelin, standing beside Dr. Eckener at the prow, and close beside six Zeppelin officers who, during the war, bombed England from the air.

Looking down on the black smudge which was London—it began nowhere and looked like a meaningless mess—I felt so sick of its ugliness that I felt that, were I certain there were no human beings underneath, I would willingly have dropped bombs myself and blown it to smithereens.

It was merely there, you see, because in the first century the Roman Legions pitched their tents on the shores of the Thames at the first ford from the sea. Then, for centuries, it grew and grew. It grew and grew without a purpose and without a plan, and it is still growing.

But now at last, under Labour, it has a purpose and it has a plan. And, if Labour is returned on March 4, in the London County Council elections, so definite is that purpose, so determined is that plan, that we shall end, within ten years, all the slumdom of the East End.



Morrison will see that his promises for the children are fulfilled

When, in May, Coronation visitors come here from all over the world, they will know whether, on March 4, the democracy of London did its duty to itself or whether, because of indifference, it handed itself back to the mean old Toryism which had crushed the poor, allowed Slumdom to go on in the interests of landlords, starved the schools, let Bumbledom reign, been Gradgrind and Scroogelike and nasty.

Britain will scarcely believe it, but when Herbert Morrison came into power as leader of the Labour L.C.C. majority, he found the Tories had been so stingy that if ever three big fires had happened at the same time, there would have been a catastrophe. Now, because of his three years of government, all that has been put right and London has a new central fire station which the King will open in July.

Morrison found, too, that, because of Tory meanness, the sewage outfall at the mouth of the Thames was so badly managed that Thames-side towns were in danger from epidemic. All that had to be changed.

He discovered also that some of the L.C.C. hospitals—and in London three out of every four people who go into a hospital bed go into a municipal hospital!—were so old-fashioned that they had once been actually workhouse wards of the type built a century ago; that the beds were so close together in some of them that patients in adjoining beds could touch each other when they put out their hands!

All that has gone. The L.C.C. hospitals are now so up to date that the highest paid of all the L.C.C. officials go to them, preferring them to voluntary hospitals; that the vice-president of the Council was a patient in one, only a few weeks ago . . .

When, in 1666, most of the City of London was burned down, Charles II gave to Christopher Wren, Britain's greatest architect, the power to rebuild a London that would have been the wonder of the world. Yet the Tories killed that plan because of meanness and corruption.

All that remains of it now is Wren's pen-and-ink sketch, which hangs to-day on the walls of the Royal Academy.

During the last three years Labour has town-planned London for the first time. The Tories said it could not be done in ten years. Yet a committee with a working man as its chairman town-planned it in less than two years!

Another working man, a bricklayer, was chairman of the committee which, in three years, has evolved a great scheme for putting round London a Green Belt.

"We thought of that," said the Tories.

Yes, they *thought* of it for 27 years. But they did not do it. It was left to the ordinary working people of London to do what privilege merely *talked* about.

Oh, what those Tories could have done in the past, had they had any brains!

On the day that they laid the foundation on Hackney Marshes of the scheme under which, in ten years, unless the Tories come back, all the East End slums will go, I gave to Herbert Morrison a coloured engraving of London as seen from the heights of Hackney in 1797.

It was then a small London surrounded by open fields. Because of Toryism, those fields are now merely a mess of houses. They could have town-planned it, then. They had the power. But they had neither the courage nor the vision.

Now, all over Europe, Democracy has been crushed except in the Scandinavian countries and in France. Except for the British Dominions, only the United States remains as a place that is governed by the votes of the common people.

In Great Britain, Democracy is on its trial. Some people fear Fascism. So it is to-day, when London is waiting to vote—and there are 114 square miles of it on which live 4,185,000 people!—that all Britain looks to its great metropolis, wondering what London will do.

If London votes for Herbert Morrison's magnificent Labour men and women candidates, it will mean that Democracy is justified. If London votes Tory, it will mean that Democracy doesn't care. It will mean that it likes Bossdom.

It was typical of Tory rule of London that, right in its centre, Waterloo Bridge stood for ten years with a broken back. It was falling down!

"Oh, what shall we do?" said the Tories, always changing their absence of mind.

So, for ten years, they dallied, wasting over £100,000 in patching up a broken bridge.

Three weeks after Morrison took control, he said, "Build a new bridge!"

It was the first proof London had of a new determination to do something. Now, two other new bridges, both badly wanted, are planned. Great new schemes of all kinds—ameliorative, courageous, sane—are going ahead. Is London going to let Tories kill them?

Morrison has promised London playing fields everywhere for its children, and the finest maternity service in the world, one open to every mother, rich or poor.

Mrs. Baldwin runs a charity to help a few mothers. Labour has a great plan, one a thousand times as good as that. "Charity" will be replaced by rights of citizenship.

Yes, there is abroad in London a new spirit, a new keenness, a new consciousness of what can be done. All that remains is to see that people vote on March 4.

I cannot believe that more than a few Londoners, unless they know nothing of what is going on, can possibly vote for a return to the old order of things.

And if Labour is returned this time, it means that, for twenty years, Tory mis-rule cannot return.

Intelligent Londoners of every class and every creed must combine to see to it that London remains what it is to-day, a model of self-government—a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

Just An INhuman Story

AS you read this brief narrative of man's inhumanity to man, bear in mind that the tragedy described happened not under pagan barbarism, but in civilised Britain a few days ago.

After the Great War, Bert Jones, of New Town, Montgomery, had not much chance of getting work. All the muscles of an arm had been shattered by shrapnel in the Dardanelles, where he served with the South Wales Borderers, and his lungs were poisoned and wasted with gas.

He tramped to Yorkshire and then south again in the quest for a job. At last, fifteen years ago, he got one in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire—at The Stores, in the village of Huntley, belonging to a merchant named Francis Luther Green.

He was employed there until last week. He fed and watered the horses and went out with a delivery van.

During all the fifteen years, Francis Luther Green did not pay Jones any wages.

Nor would he give him accommodation in his house at the shop, although there was room there. Jones had to be content with a loose-straw bed in a stall of the stable at the back of the premises, with the horses for his companions.

Some days ago Jones became very ill. A doctor, who happened to be visiting the house of Francis Luther Green, was told and he advised that the man should be kept warm and taken to hospital. To reach the place where he lay in the dark stable, the doctor would have had to climb over a manger and through a hayrack.

A police station is opposite the shop and stables, and ready assistance would have been given to remove Jones if it had been asked for.

Nothing was done for four days. He was not even moved into the house. Then the relieving officer made enquiries and ordered Jones to be taken from his quarters and sent to hospital.

He was carried out over the manger on a stretcher by lantern light, but he died on the way in the ambulance.

The rescue party found the old soldier lying nude in the stable on a bundle of straw with his war medals and Army discharge papers by his side.

Jones' death was due to bronchial pneumonia accelerated by exposure and the terrible conditions under which he had to live.

It is not much use expecting that the conscience of Francis Luther Green will be troubled by this tragedy. A man who could allow his unpaid servant to live and die in this manner must have lost his conscience long ago.

★A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

For 5½d. you can buy a tin which makes 28 nourishing cups of Bournville Cocoa—the drink that is also a food. Everybody likes it. Everybody is the better for it. Yet you can save money on your housekeeping by giving it them. It stands to reason that you can. For Bournville Cocoa is food as well as drink—nourishing as well as delicious.

Cadbury's **BOURNVILLE COCOA**

THE FOOD-DRINK OF THE PEOPLE 5½D ¼lb TIN

JB

'FLU "RELAPSE" STOP IT WITH 'ASPRO'

The changeable weather conditions have brought innumerable cases of influenza relapse. The keynote of the situation for those who feel that a relapse is imminent is to act at once—to take 'ASPRO' and nip the attack in the bud. This simple action may save serious complications.

Use 'ASPRO' as a gargle if the attack is attended by symptoms of sore throat. The usual two or three 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink will do all else required. Prompt action, however, is essential. Do not let the 'flu relapse catch hold of you—stop it with 'ASPRO.'

MORE TESTIMONY FROM 'FLU SUFFERERS WHO HAVE BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD.,
SLOUGH, BUCKS
Telephone: Slough 608.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

TRY 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
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ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

All Leading Chemists and Stores stock & display 'ASPRO'

LANDLADY HELPED 'FLU OUTED 'FLU SMASHED IN ONE NIGHT

Chitral Bungalow,
Woodcnd Road, Deepcut,
Dear Sirs, Nr. Aldershot, Hants.

I have always kept 'ASPRO' by me as I have suffered with headaches now and again since the war but last week I had the 'flu and I took two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring for the night and I found in the morning that I had lost all trace of the 'flu. Also my landlady did not believe in them, but as she suffers with headaches I gave her two 'ASPRO' tablets and she has not had a headache since.

Yours faithfully, A. G. RICH.

19, Wilson Street,
Chorlton-on-Medlock,
Gentlemen, Manchester.

I was lying in bed this week ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS WITH THE 'FLU, as people who know me can well prove, and I have to go out in all sorts of weather to eke out a living. I sent my wife for a packet of 'ASPRO'. I took two tablets, got a good night's rest and was out next day pulling a handcart all over Manchester.

I think they are a God-send to all sufferers.
—I am, Yours obediently,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

JB

Don BRADMAN Scores £50,000

SOME eleven years ago a very small, shrewd-looking boy was invited to play cricket for the St. George's Club, a leading side in Sydney, Australia, because he had won a name in the near-by small town of Bowral as "the boy they can never get out."

He staggered the expert crowd who watched his first big game by hitting a hundred with an ancient, battered bat that any other cricketer would have consigned to the rubbish dump long ago.

Some thought the performance a fluke. But they played the boy in the next match. He did it again. The club officials arranged a 30s. a week job for him in a Sydney estate agent's office to keep him in the city.

That same boy, not so much bigger now than he was then, and still with that same shrewd look, small, bright eyes glistening from a lean, brown face, led Australia on to the field for the final test match with England at Melbourne yesterday—a match that will decide the destination of the "Ashes" and which is expected to gross £35,000 in gate-money.

m m m

The name, of course, is Bradman. Barely twenty-eight, "The Don" has already written the most astounding page of cricket history in the annals of the game.

He has climbed to heights undreamt of in any sport except perhaps, American baseball. He has already netted for himself a fortune estimated at more than £50,000.

He lives with his wife, a former schoolmate whom he has known all his life, in one of the finest houses around Adelaide, a place that stands in spacious grounds and cost £10,000 to build.

He is a partner, with a member of Australia's Cricket Board of Control, in one of Adelaide's most prosperous firms of stockbrokers.

Apart from the initial extravagance of building his palatial home, he lives moderately and saves carefully. He has probably six more years of big cricket left and might easily retire from cricket with a six-figure fortune.

With a shrewd business ability, Bradman has steadily been cashing in on his amazing popularity among cricket followers all over the world. In Australia his popularity amounts to frenzied hero worship. Don Bradman has grown to be bigger than the game of cricket in Australia.

The utterly astonishing spectacle of 20,000 people leaving the ground directly Bradman is out, with two hours' play left and good Australian batsmen yet to have their innings, has been witnessed, not once, but many times during the present M.C.C. tour.

This aloof, sombre little fellow with the penetrating eyes and the magic wrists, holds in his bat the power to slow up the whole business life of a great city.

If Bradman is batting at the luncheon interval, the business population will flock to the ground. And how long they stay depends absolutely on the length of Bradman's innings.

It is recognised in the big cities of Australia that it is hopeless to try to get in touch with any business men if there is a cricket match in progress and "The Don" is batting.

Throughout the present Test series there have been whispers of discontent among the other Australian cricketers because of Bradman.

Long before Bradman became captain there was this feeling. It is no fault of his. It has just happened that his cricket has overshadowed everything else connected with the game. He is idolised. Gifts are showered on him. Money flows into his pockets in a continuous stream.

m m m

So long as Bradman plays cricket there will always be two distinct factions in the Australian team—Bradman and the others.

Years ago, when Bradman had just begun to make the world sit up and take notice, he was pulling in £6,000 a year in Sydney as representative of the sports goods firm of Mick Simmons and Co., by radio talks on cricket, by writing newspaper articles and by autographing cricket bats for Messrs. Sykes and Co., the English firm.

And, of course, he was paid for playing cricket.

The Australians make no bones about that. The Australian cricketers when they play in England come on to the field at Lord's, for instance, through the sacred amateurs' gate in front of the pavilion, and have their initials in full on the score-book.

Yet each and every one of them is openly paid more for playing cricket than many of the English professionals, whose initials are kept secret and who must not in any circumstances enter the field through any but the gate leading from the professionals' dressing-room.

Bradman's income grew with his popularity. He collects a royalty of about 1s. 6d. on every bat sold in any country in the world bearing his name; about a shilling for each pad sold with the magic signature thereon, 6d. for every ball, and so on.

It doesn't stop there. Advertising agents pay him handsomely for signing his name to recommendations of various goods. A publishing firm produced hundreds of thousands of photographs of Bradman, all bearing his signature. Each picture sold meant something for Bradman.

Potteries began to produce cups, saucers and plates bearing the magic Bradman mark, and Don got his share of that enterprise, too. He even made gramophone records.

Frequently he received cheques from wealthy and appreciative cricket enthusiasts as a reward for a particularly fine innings. These cheques have been as large as £1,000.

In 1935 Bradman made a decision that split Australian cricket wide open. He accepted an offer to become partner in an Adelaide firm of brokers and transferred his cricket affections from the State of New South Wales to South Australia.

The slump in the Sydney gates after Bradman's departure was so marked that it has been estimated that it would have paid New South Wales to have given Bradman £5,000 a year to alter his decision.

However, Bradman left, and not even the Sydney disappointment marred his personal popularity. The brokers' business has gone up by leaps and bounds since Don joined the firm. The firm gets the business because men with business to place like to meet and talk to the greatest cricket drawing card the world has ever seen.

He retains all his autographed goods interests. He is making more money at the moment than ever. And he is also making more money for cricket than anybody ever made before him.

Any Australian will tell you that Bradman and, perhaps, Hammond (who is extremely popular in Australia) are alone drawing the record Test match crowds. Bradman has virtually saved English county cricket from financial ruin on more than one occasion. He is doing it now.

Captain Howard, secretary of the M.C.C. touring side, will bring back with him from Australia, as England's share of the Test tour profits, a sum that may reach £100,000. The English counties' share of that amount will stave off financial chaos in a good many centres.

As an instance of Bradman's money-making propensities, compared with other Australian cricketers, it is known that he cleared more than £5,000 in actual cash over his last tour in England in 1934, against the £850 averaged by the other members of the side.

He arrived in this country, like the others, with one trunk and a couple of suitcases. He left with twenty-one trunks, each packed tightly with the most amazing assortment of gifts, ranging from radio sets to suits of clothes. The luckiest of the other members of the side increased his baggage by three trunks.

m m m

Everywhere the team went, it was always Bradman who was given the lion's share. For some reason he was once unable to go with the other players to tour a Northampton boot factory. The other players came back with souvenirs in the way of boots and shoes.

Bradman made a trip to Northampton on his own, and received gifts of every conceivable type of footwear. He left the others completely in the shade!

These gifts from manufacturing firms in this country are always looked on as lucrative sidelines by Australian cricketers, who refer to them as "gimmies."

It has been recognised on every tour undertaken by Bradman that his quota was always at the very least three "gimmies" to everybody else's one.

Nothing is wasted by Bradman. He has a brother who keeps a sports goods store in Bowral, and this brother helps him out from time to time with the disposal of his "gimmies."

Meanwhile, for all his popularity and money-making activities, the boy from Bowral remains much the same sort of fellow as he was when he entered big cricket.

He is naturally not a "good mixer," but his team mates respect him immensely for his marvellous cricket performances. There is not one of them who does not believe that it will be a bad day for cricket when Don Bradman feels he can afford to retire.

Steadily cashing in on his amazing popularity . . .

THE CORONATION
Next Week's Historic Announcement

"JOHN BULL" has lost no time in taking steps to provide, for its vast family circle of more than 1,500,000 readers, a really beautiful and permanent Souvenir of the Coronation.

For some months now JOHN BULL has been planning to ensure that every JOHN BULL reader shall have the opportunity of possessing a memento of this historic occasion of which they could be proud, something dignified and of lasting interest. And now—it is practically ready—a great Presentation which will, it is felt, bring a thrill of pleasure and pride to all.

Full details will be published in next week's JOHN BULL, and it is JOHN BULL'S sincere wish that every single one of its readers will hasten to enjoy this worthy and beautiful Souvenir.

What is it? That must remain a secret until next week—but, take JOHN BULL'S word for it—if you miss it you'll be missing one of the most fascinating things that will be produced to celebrate the Coronation.

Next week's JOHN BULL will be in great demand. Be sure to get your copy early and look for our special Coronation Announcement.

★ CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.1

(No postage stamp required)

I want to start a Savings Group among my friends and workfellows to enable us to save regularly, easily & safely. Please send me particulars of the National Savings Way of saving, suitable for the places I have underlined.

FACTORIES, WORKS, OFFICES, SHOPS, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, VILLAGES, SCOUTS & GUIDES, INSTITUTIONS, WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

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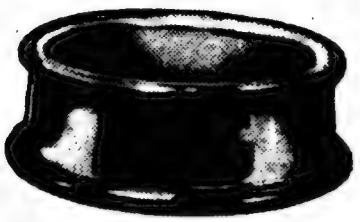

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Every dog's dish is a standing invitation for "RED HEART." And what a meal it is! BEEF, Barley, Bran, Rice, Soya Bean, Yeast, Carrots and Cod Liver Oil, scientifically balanced to provide the proteins, carbo-hydrates and vitamins necessary for doggie health. "RED HEART" gives your dog just what he needs, and saves you all the trouble of preparation.

In three flavours—Diet 'A' Diet 'B' and Diet 'C.' Each diet is basically a beef product. 6d. per 1-lb. can from grocers, chemists, pet stores, corn chandlers, etc.

Made by JOHN MORRELL & CO., LTD., 57, Victoria Street, Liverpool, 1; 10, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1.

The *Quick* Way WITH A Sore Throat

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

At the first sign rub on this clean deep-healing ointment. It is *super-strength*, but will not burn or blister. It will make sure that your sore throat is gone by morning. It is the finest remedy you can use for Congestion, Chest Colds, Muscular Rheumatism, etc., so always keep a pot in the house. A sore throat may lead to 'Flu or even Pneumonia if neglected.

Naturally, *super-strength* Musterole costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against its certain and almost instant relief?

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT PRICE 2/6

are nature's warning

BANISH CONSTIPATION!

● Violent and frequent headaches usually due to a poisoned system, unsuspected constipation. This means that the whole 35 feet of your intestinal tract is clogged with poisonous waste matter. This poison is then absorbed by the system and causes not only in headaches but indigestion, dizzy spells, bad skin and even serious illness. Feen-a-mint will bring you to the very peak of energetic health, because only Feen-a-mint is made so that it mixes with the natural saliva and cleanses the entire system *thoroughly*, *naturally* and *pleasantly*.

Fifteen Million satisfied users.

● Feen-a-mint *looks* different, its chewing is different, it *is* different from all other laxative. That is why there are fifteen million satisfied users of Feen-a-mint. Its fresh mint flavour makes it the ideal family laxative. Sold in 1/3 packets everywhere, or for free sample send 1½d. stamp for postage to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. V.S.), 15 Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

WITH THE CLEAN MINT FLAVOUR

"In Flanders' Fields.."

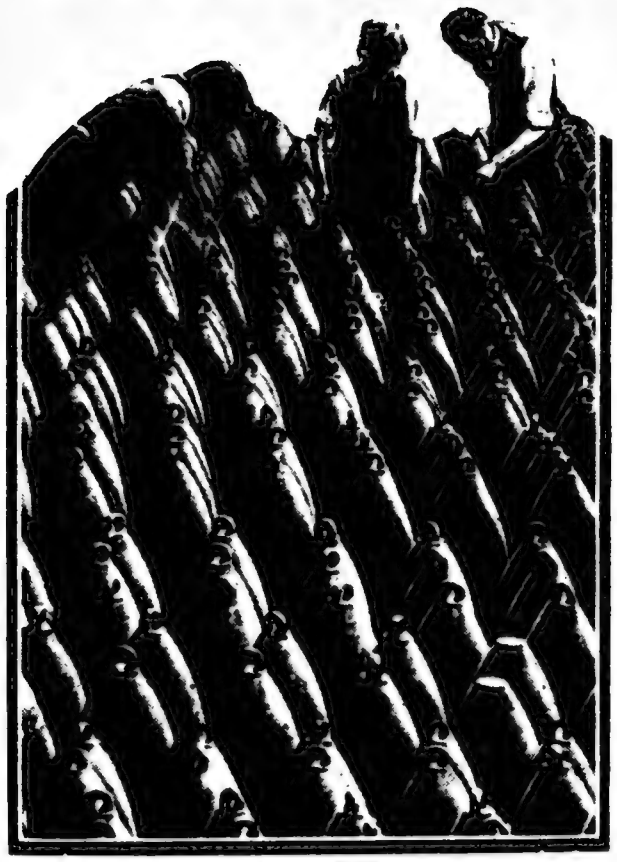
Each day, on the average, the bodies of ten British soldiers killed in the war are turned up by the plough or found by men digging foundations for new buildings in Flanders.

They are buried again in British war cemeteries.

If these poor bones were brought home and buried here it might make us all remember that a million British lives were lost in vain if there is another war.

CABINET'S Arms Race Panic

By A. G. GARDINER



All this vast rearmament has created a panic which cannot be ignored

THE world is mad and we are of the company. In the race of armaments we now lead the field. That is the sombre and terrific fact with which this country and the world is presented.

A programme of armaments construction—land, sea and air—involving a cost of one thousand five hundred million pounds spread over the next five years is our contribution to the pacification of the world.

Of this staggering sum, £400,000,000 is to be raised by loan and the balance by £220,000,000 annually over the five years out of taxation.

Nor, as we are warned, is this necessarily the limit. If this gigantic gesture does not bring peace then the furnace must be stoked with uncountable millions more, until peace does come or universal bankruptcy lights the flames of "inevitable" war.

This is a momentous event. Whether regarded as a tremendous gamble for peace or as a reply to the challenge of the war-mongers, it is an act without precedent on such a scale in our history. There is not a household in this land whose fate is not involved in the issue.

Those of us who are old see our day setting in the shadow of unspeakable catastrophe. Those who are young see their day breaking to a future that may suck them into the maelstrom of universal war.

☆ ★ ☆

Never was the summons to each and all of us more peremptory to consider where we stand.

In obeying that summons, it is our business to see the facts as nakedly and impartially as we can.

The first task of any Government is to secure the safety of its people, and that some measure of rearmament had, in the circumstances of to-day, become necessary is beyond question.

The growth of the great militant dictatorships on the Continent, the vast rearmament of Germany, the menacing and warlike attitude of Mussolini, the breakdown of the League of Nations, the events in Abyssinia, the events in Spain, the threatening position in the Mediterranean—all this, and much more, has created a peril which cannot be ignored.

How near the peril is was disclosed by the infamous Abyssinian crime, and there is much truth in the statement of Sir Archibald Sinclair that the vast rearmament scheme of to-day is the price we are paying for the vacillation of the Government in its handling of that great crisis.

We might carry the indictment farther back. The cause of the League and of collective security, as we can see to-day, was betrayed when the same vacillation was shown in the face of Japan's invasion of Manchuria.

It was that triumphant defiance of the League and all the covenants of peace that encouraged Hitler to quit Geneva and start his mighty rearmament schemes.

☆ ★ ☆

And this, in turn, led Mussolini to "cock a snook" at the League, of which he is still a member, and set out on the piratical adventure in Abyssinia. With this succession of blows the militant dictatorships, Japan, Germany and Italy, undermined the whole structure of the League and left it a ruin.

And the price of that ruin, for which our "vacillation" is so largely responsible, is the vast rearmament programme of to-day.

We failed to call the bluff of the dictators when the challenge could have been met, and now they have dragged us belatedly into the armaments stampede to perdition.

I have never doubted the pacific intentions of the Government and I do not doubt them to-day.

Its failure has been a failure of policy, not of intention. It wants peace, as we all want peace, but it has not known how to seek and ensue it.

Now, at the eleventh hour, it has swung violently from the policy of passively turning the other cheek to the smiter to that of the big stick.

If you will not co-operate for peace, we say, if you insist on the gospel of the sword, then we will take the sword, too.

We will rearm, and we will rearm on a scale that the defence of our world interests requires, and that our financial resources permit. In a word, if force is the only language you recognise, then we will speak that language and we will speak it at the top of our voice.

Perhaps at this late hour there was no alternative, and it may be that it will command attention where the appeals of reason have fallen on deaf ears. If it does, the race to disaster may yet be stayed.

But if so, the check must come soon. No one in his senses can suppose that the situation now revealed in all its grim characters can continue for five years.

One thing or the other will have happened. Either the dogs of war will have been called off all round, or the catastrophe will have come.

If, as we cannot doubt, the object of the new policy is both an appeal and a warning, it is unfortunate that it was presented in the dry and unimaginative terms in which Mr. Neville Chamberlain presented it.

No one would have asked him to qualify the sternness of the warning by over-stressing the appeal.

But neither can anyone fail to note the marked silence as to the purpose we have—apart from self-defence—in joining in this dreadful competition in armaments.

That purpose is to restore the shattered fabric of peace in Europe.

There are only two possible ends to the present tension. The one is war; the other is peace.

☆ ★ ☆

And no peace can come with Europe mobilised into two great hostile camps. It can only come by rebuilding the League of Nations on a surer foundation and compelling the militarist Powers to join in the cause of collective security, if not willingly, then of necessity, lest a worse thing befall.

If any conclusion on the subject is to be drawn from Mr. Chamberlain's speech it is that he is thinking not in the terms of European reconciliation, but in those of the Balance of Power—with Britain hitched to the chariot of France.

Though this impression was qualified later, it still remains. Nor must we forget that in a few months Mr. Chamberlain will have succeeded Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister and will be the dominant power in Britain's policy.

For this reason no responsibility lies more heavily on Parliament and the country than to secure the most unequivocal assertion that the policy of rearmament is, apart from national security, solely designed to restore the League, promote collective security and achieve international co-operation.

☆ ★ ☆

All else is a mere preparation for the "inevitable war" which must always come from the pursuit of the Balance of Power.

I have left no space in which to refer to the financial and technical aspects.

But I have said enough to show that this country has taken the most momentous step in its history, and to make every citizen realise that he has a duty, in so far as his power lies, to see that that step leads to Geneva and not to Armageddon.

In The Lamp Light

THERE is a hamlet in the Peak District of Derbyshire to which gas lighting has never penetrated. The soft light that picks out the hillside cottages by night is that of oil-lamps. At nightfall each evening every family circle is complete.

But there was a tragic departure from the even tenor of those evenings at home, the other week, as far as one of those cottages was concerned. A newspaper was laid carelessly, if you like—before the blazing coal fire.

A hot coal fell on the paper. There was a burst of flame. Before anyone could have made a count of three the whole ... the room was ablaze. Flames shot up the table towards the oil-lamp.

The twelve-year-old son reached out to lift that dangerous paraffin container to safety and, somehow, the back of his hand caught it first. The lamp crashed.

The family was able to save its home, but everything it treasured in that room of happy fireside evenings was destroyed.

You can imagine the indescribable relief felt throughout that hillside home when a cheque was received from JOHN BULL that enabled that family to recreate the comfort of its home.

Evenings at home are happy again because that householder had the wisdom and foresight to qualify for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of appending his signature to a coupon—such a coupon as appears to-day on page 5, and which you should sign as a duty to your family and home.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

EVERY now and then the papers are full of the story of some swindler or other who has been found out and sent to jail. Some of them have been clever; some have been stupid.

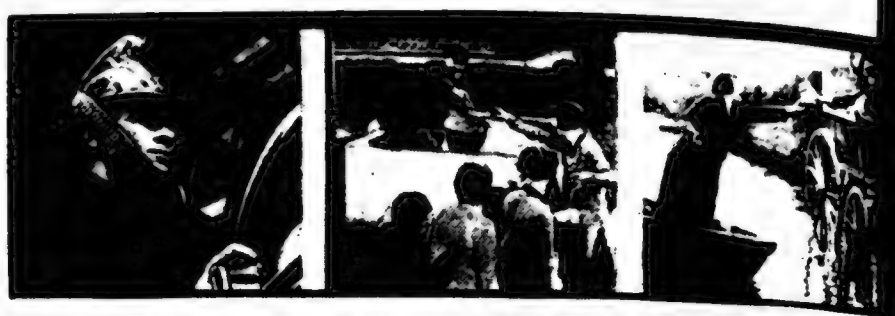
But there are some swindlers whose names never get into the papers. They are never found out. They carry on with impunity. "All other swindlers upon earth," said one of Dickens' characters, "are nothing to the self-swindlers."

Nothing could be truer. The person who swindles others has at least some claim to be cleverer than the people he swindles. He is at least pitting his wits against others. He may not be nearly as clever as he thinks he is, but he does at any rate play a game against people who can always get back at him.

But the self-swindler is in a class apart. He has no opponent worthy of his steel. He cannot be caught and made to pay the penalty by any outside agency. He is the most despicable of all swindlers, because he is deceiving the only person who has no defence of any kind.

And we swindle ourselves every time we boast of our courage while all the time we dodge responsibility and omit to face up to our liabilities.

We swindle ourselves every day and all day unless we take the trouble to know ourselves and act honestly on that knowledge. We don't go to jail because we are self-swindlers. But we pay—always and inevitably we pay. Don't ever believe anything else!



FIRE . . . DROUGHT . . . FLOOD

ENG... Little CH...

DOZENS of little kingdoms. Hundreds of little kingdoms. Thousands of little kingdoms. No. This is not a description of Anglo-Saxon England a thousand years and more ago, but of the Britain of to-day.

For there are still lots of little kingdoms, as in the bad old days. Not actually engaged in cutting one another's throats, perhaps, but doing their silly best to strangle one another and the nation by jealousy, and with red tape.

If you observe the doings of some of the local government bodies, you might well think that Great Britain was still a collection of warring tribes.

If you observe the operations of the various Whitehall Departments, you might equally think that they themselves were battling and embittered sects.

★ Start with a big thing first. A very big thing. With the air defence of the greatest city in the world, which is divided between War Office and Air Ministry.

One knows that the whole business is under the direction of the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the Fighting Area—it is true, but—it is a large and italicised *BUT*—look at the schedule.

Enemy raiders would be first detected by sound-locators (War Office).

Then observed by the Voluntary Observer Corps (Air Ministry).

Fired at by Anti-aircraft batteries (War Office).

Attacked by aircraft (Air Ministry).

And, finally, when they reached London, pouffed away at by more guns (War Office).

Each of them having their smack in turn.

Of course, Big Air Chief can move about his War Office-provided guns and searchlights and men: but he can only move about *what* they *do* provide: and *when* they provide it.

Unfortunately a lot of the equipment supplied by the War Office for the Territorial units responsible for anti-aircraft defence from the ground is only suitable for a museum of antiquities.

What is more, twice—owing to glaring lack of co-ordination—the forces of War Office Chief have not taken part in the all-important defence exercises arranged by his rival of the Air.

★ Here is an acid comment by Major-General E. B. Ashmore, who was responsible for defeating the Gotha raids on London during the war, in his book, "Air Defence":

"In these hard times, the Army Council is reluctant to find money for a defence that has been expressly removed from its control. The ground troops have two masters pulling in opposite directions: the R.A.F. only want them efficient, the War Office only want them cheap."

Nice for us, isn't it?

May be all right in peace time, when the two departments can have heaps of quiet fun exchanging rude memoranda—but what about war time?

It's not what they have done in Germany. There is one control, and one only, in Berlin: and British experts say that Hitler's capital city is as invulnerable as any great metropolis can ever be.

They can't say the same thing about London

Just one final pretty thought on the subject. Don't forget that Big Air Chief is still at odds with Big Navy Chief about the control of the Air Fleet Arm.

There is another matter which strikes more immediately home at the moment—floods.

Britannia may rule the waves: but she doesn't rule the floods. There are too many Britannias for that.

The winter-tide problem of too much water has cost us loss of human life, infinite waste of one sort and another, and a cash loss of over £4,000,000 in the last ten years.

As regularly as clockwork 'n this season every year comes the tale of submerged fields and gardens, and swirling waters washing in and out of homes along the watersheds of the country.

On one night recently three rivers overflowed their banks in Dorset; and every newspaper reader knows what has been happening along the Thames valley.

Just as regularly we read every summer of drought—of the need for economy in the use of water; of gardens going to rack and ruin; of drought-borne epidemics.

Winter—flood; summer—drought. Each tribulation nominally attended to by its separate Chief.

Too much water—Ministry of Agriculture. Too little water—Ministry of Health.

Stacks of other Water Chiefs as well.

★ Take, for instance, what has been happening along the Thames—where fields and roads have been under water, traffic impeded, houses swamped, and the inhabitants forced to wade or row when going out on business or pleasure.

Twenty-three years ago the Thames Conservancy Board drew up plans to prevent flooding, and submitted them to the various local authorities.

But local Chiefs had forgotten the distresses of the winter when the scheme came before them.

In the words of Lord Desborough, chairman of the board, they "were unanimous that they would prefer floods."

Little Chiefs were fatalistic. Despite the protests of the ratepayers they are still unwilling to co-operate with the Thames Conservancy.

"We take the view that flooding is inevitable," said the representative of one of these fatalistic little kingdoms only a few days ago.

So there you are. There are still floods not only on Thames-side, but in other areas as well.

And there will continue to be floods—until someone takes all the Chiefs by the scruffs of their collective necks and makes them go into a "huddle" with the other authorities about ways and means.

Of course, they've had a bad example given them — by the "National" Government.

There are, you must know, some 2,000,000 acres of agricultural land in immediate need of draining: whose productivity is lowered by flooding.

To deal with the problem, the Labour Government in 1930 marked out forty-eight catchment areas, and set up boards to handle the question in each of them.

The idea was to spend £30,000,000 over ten years, and solve the riddle of flood and drought once and for all. That was the idea; but the execution has been far otherwise.

Between them "National" Treasury and Ministry of Agriculture have stultified the plan.

In some six years six millions of money have been spent instead of eighteen!

Spirit of False Economy sitting atop the palaces of Whitehall, and worshipped by Kingsley Wood and W. S. Morrison.

Meanwhile, floods are spoiling homes, spoiling fields, threatening life, creating waste and destruction: and, in the offing, too little water is promising discomfort and expense and disease.

All on a par with the system which has left us with no fewer than 2,000 separate water-supply undertakings. Thousands of Britannias. Thousands of Neptunes.

Given power, many of the nation's officials see themselves as kings (wearing bowler hats instead of crowns) over our homes and lives

. WAR . . . ACCIDENT . . . CRIME

...AND'S ...Kings ...OF ...AOS

Ignore Them All While They Flay Each Other With RED TAPE

After water, fire. You have still got to be *careful* where you live these days. For it is possible that your local kingdom has not come to terms with its neighbours about mutual assistance in case of fire.

Your house may burn down while the nearest fire engine is anchored fast within its fire station by chains of red tape. It dare not cross the boundaries of its realm into foreign parts.

Only a week or so ago there was a blaze in the West Riding village of West Ardsley. Morley brigade was called for, but could not come because it had no agreement with the Ardsley Council to attend fires outside its own area.

★ That the inhabitants quelled the outbreak makes no difference to the fact that Ardsley Council was *under no agreement with any brigade.* In the year of grace 1937—no agreement with any brigade!

Take the New Tredegar tragedy of little over a year ago, when four people lost their lives!

New Tredegar is in the Bedwellty area. While the fire was raging the Tirphil brigade (in the Gelligaer area) was said to have been standing by, waiting to be summoned.

At the inquest the chief of the Gelligaer brigade said that the Tirphil section took no action because it had been forbidden to go into Bedwellty area.

Six years before—he stated in a report—he had suggested a scheme to Bedwellty Council for mutual assistance, but it would not agree.

"I am sorry to have to say," he added, "that efforts on our part to minimise danger from a fire, even as recently as November, 1935, which occurred in the Bedwellty area, but only about 300 yards from our Tirphil fire station, have been repulsed."

In Greater London and in North Derbyshire and Yorkshire co-operation schemes have already been put into effect. It is, indeed, obvious that the grouping of separate fire brigade units for the purpose of efficient fire defence on area basis is long overdue.

Just, for instance, as a closer linking-up and co-operation is needed in the ambulance services of the country. Take road accidents alone. No one can say that local and county management has been either efficient or economical.

Yet there is no one body even now with full co-ordinating powers. There is not even any Government Department responsible for the supervision of ambulance facilities.

Do you know that it is barely three years since some of the Grand Ambulance Chiefs would not allow their drivers to cross out of their areas to render assistance, however urgent the case might be?

They were like the kings of those olden realms into which Britain was divided—would have been happy to have frontier posts, and passports, and customs examinations at the entry to their sacrosanct domains.

What finished this foolishness? Tragedy.

A motorist was fatally injured on the Kingston by-pass road. Surbiton ambulance was summoned. The driver pulled up yards away from the dying man, and refused to proceed.

He had halted at the frontiers of the Kingdom of Surbiton. He was forbidden to go out of that Kingdom. He obeyed orders.

So the dying man lay in the road—and waited. Waited till the ambulance of the Kingdom of Malden arrived.

There were a lot of other unpretty stories at the same time, reflecting upon the manner in which many of the municipal and county majesties fulfilled their duties.

A Cumberland girl with a broken leg waited three hours for an ambulance: was eventually taken to hospital in a hearse. Jolly for her, wasn't it?

Near Haslemere an injured cyclist lay in the road for an hour because the only available ambulance couldn't cross the frontier.

Walsall ambulance refused to fetch another road victim until it was guaranteed payment of a charge of a shilling a mile, because the accident had happened just outside the borough boundary.

After all this the Ministry of Health urged the Kings to get together in view of the outcry. They did. They agreed to abolish their frontiers.

Nevertheless, bitter vendettas are still carried on about financial responsibility for border-line cases. And they will go on until the service is planned on a nation-wide scale, and some one authority takes full responsibility for co-ordination.

And when that is done the matter of free ambulance facilities will have to be dealt with. Barely a month ago a woman in Derby fell down some cellar steps. Her sister telephoned for the ambulance, but was told it could not be sent, as she had not the ten shillings demanded for the service. So the two walked to the infirmary where the injured one died.

A doctor at the inquest said that time was a matter of importance in any injury, and that the time lost in this case probably had some effect.

So there you are. Free ambulance. Ten shillings. Life. Death.

But there are other things the local Chiefs like. Their private armies, for instance. Their private Lord High Executioners.

In other words, their own police forces.

It lends dignity and majesty to a Kingdom to have its own individual police force and Chief Constable—regardless of the hindrance to good policing and speed in crime-investigation.

Take the case of the ancient and encastled town of Newark-upon-Trent. Population somewhere in the region of 18,000. It's got its own police force and Chief Constable—and very efficient they are.

There's no doubt about it. But, BUT there are only twenty-two of them all told.

★ Well, lately Newark has been the centre of a sensational case. Intensive search has had to be made for a missing child.

There can be no question that the early stages of the investigation—when the trail might have still been hot—were retarded by the lack of man-power.

Never more than four or five men available at one time to carry on the enquiries.

Not their fault. They'd got to do ordinary night and day duty, run a motor patrol after speedsters, and yes!—*act as a fire brigade!*

Not their fault. But the fault of the Chiefs of Newark, who have protested strongly against the idea of their little army being swallowed up in the Nottinghamshire County Force.

Heaven alone knows, any way, what good it does Newark to have its own police—any more than the City of London.

The City which has a separate police force to deal with an area of 672 acres surrounded by the Metropolitan Police district of 447,626 acres.

Like a sort of free and independent principality of Monte Carlo, which is a self-important musical-comedy pinhead against the bulk of France.

What's the upshot of this sort of thing? You will undoubtedly take the word for it of Major-General Sir Llewelyn Atcherley, Inspector of Constabulary:

> *"In the co-operation in the detection of crime, there has never been so much deficiency of goodwill."*

So you realise that you have not merely got your hundreds of little kingdoms very anxious about their armies, but your hundreds of little generals not too eager to co-operate—wanting to catch their man themselves—hating to call for help from anyone else, particularly Scotland Yard.

Sir Llewelyn says so. He ought to know.

There isn't any satisfactory co-ordination of police policy either. Think of the variegated treatment of naughty motorists, for instance.

And—as a side-issue, when you are thinking about that—meditate with cynical amusement on the fact that every Warwickshire constable was responsible for 46 motoring prosecutions in 1936, and yet there were more road accidents than ever before.

Some of the Midland counties are tinkering with a joint recruiting scheme. It is their effort at a partial centralisation by which they hope to prove that national control of the police force is not a necessity. But it is a necessity.

★ As much a necessity, say, as is the need for the co-ordination of the three hundred and fifty-five knights who quarrel today over the governance of London.

Robert Sinclair, in his remarkable book, "Metropolitan Man" (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), cites a marvellous example of the great confusion in the world's greatest agglomerate of houses and people. The town of North Harrow, which has long complained of its life being controlled and served by:

> "A parish council at Pinner; a rural council at Harrow Weald; a county council (Middlesex) at Westminster; a police court at Wealdstone; a bankruptcy court at St Albans; a country court at Watford; a head post office at Harrow; a gas supply from South-West London; a supply of electricity from North London; a water supply from Bushey; a workhouse at Edgware; a parish church at Pinner; a bishop at Willesden; a Member of Parliament at Hendon."

Adds the writer: "There is hardly an activity in public life in which London authorities do not obstruct one another."

And that's that.

What, too, about the need for a unified and single control of electricity distribution? It is time that we dethroned most of the six hundred and twenty-five electricity kings who sell current of 43 different voltages to the consumer in 1,018 different ways, at costs varying from less than a penny to a shilling a unit.

And what Kings! Do you know that the Lords of Bridgend last year warned their slaves that it was illegal for them to run their radios from power or heating circuits?

★ They had the face to do that—though they presumably had their cut at the industry's gross profit of thirty-four and a half million pounds.

Someone told of another prank of the 'Tricity Kings in Parliament the other day. Authorities of a school wanted electric lighting laid on.

King A said he charged 4d. a unit. King B contented himself with 2d.—quite enough, too. The joke is that King B got all his supplies from King A!

That's the sort of thing that happens when you've got six hundred and twenty-five kings.

And the coalfields are in the same sort of mess, too. Only much worse. Why? Because instead of having only one Old King Coal, there are over a thousand kinglets—all very merry souls.

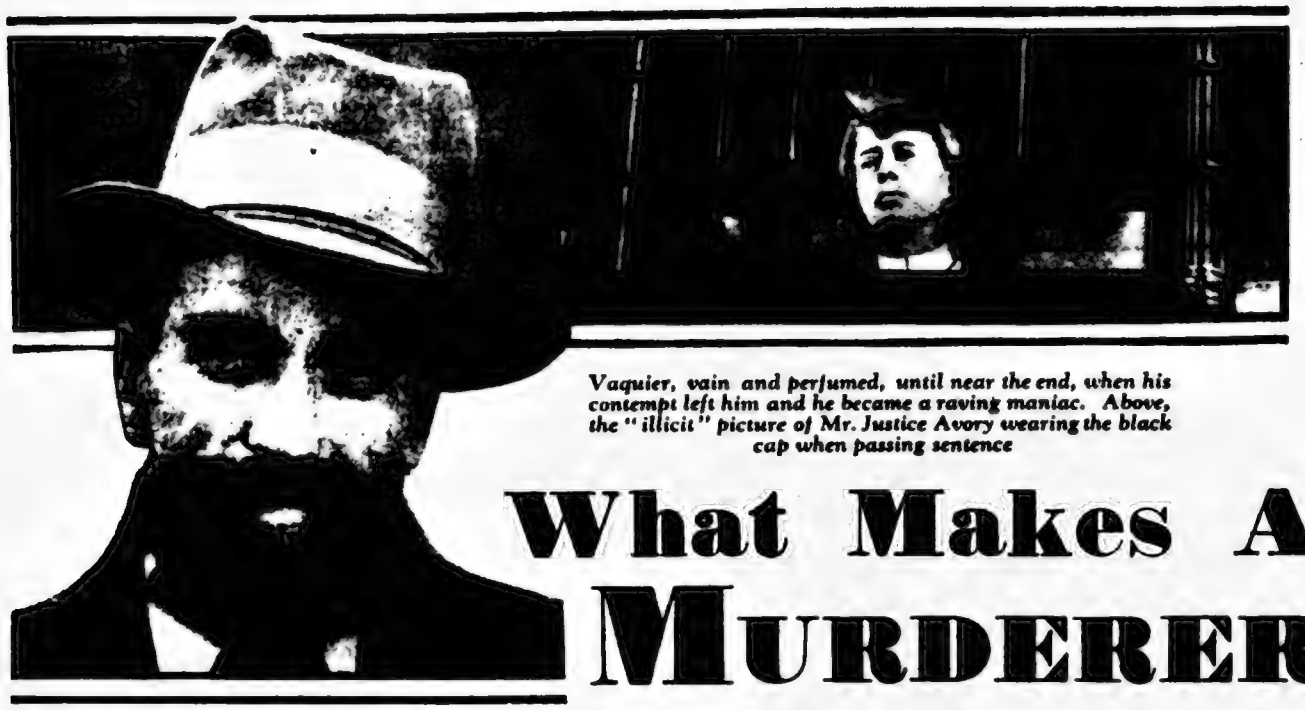
Very merry—competing with one another; forcing up prices to the consumer; paying inadequate wages—but fivepence halfpenny per ton to the royalty owners—and conducting their affairs in such a style that they extract an average profit of £30 a year from every worker employed.

Don't think that the Mother of Parliaments can't come down to the level of these unpleasant little monarchies. She can.

Remember how jealous she got because the London County Council drove on with its urgent job of destroying Waterloo Bridge—against her advice. Spitefully refused to let the council raise a loan for the work.

What is there to be said to the Little Kings when they get that example? What, indeed?

Front Page News—11—By Stanley Bishop



Vaquier, vain and perfumed, until near the end, when his contempt left him and he became a raving maniac. Above, the "illicit" picture of Mr. Justice Avory wearing the black cap when passing sentence

What Makes A MURDERER

THEY arise from the past with vivid clarity—a strange, terrible and yet fascinating collection of men and women of divers occupations and character, but with one common link.

For all of them are murderers. They are the murderers I have seen convicted before the Bar of the King's Justice. With some I talked before arrest. In the ordinary way of conversation they were the kind of people—interesting in a few cases, dull and unimaginative in others—one would meet in a day of normal business.

For, remember, although murder is the chief of crimes in our legal calendar, the murderer is not usually of a criminal type. There are exceptions, naturally; the thief who shoots to make his escape—as instance Browne and Kennedy, the ex-convicts who killed an Essex policeman on a country road because he stopped their stolen motor-car to make a routine enquiry.

From Hawley Harvey Crippen, standing by the side of his mistress, Ethel Le Neve, in the Old Bailey dock, I have witnessed every "front page" murder on trial down to recent years—the war period only excluded.

I have watched the reactions of men and women in peril of their lives—marvelled always at the control they exercise when the moment of verdict is at hand.

Never have I seen, during that long experience, any man hear the decision "Guilty" other than courageously, although I do remember a man fainting at acquittal.

It is curious how every murderer makes the same little movement when a verdict of guilty is returned. He jerks his back slightly, just as he would if he received a sudden flick with a switch across the face. Not often does he pale; it is far more likely that his cheeks will flush with colour.

Calm Women

Always a person of experience can tell what the verdict is when a jury in a murder case returns after deliberating the evidence.

If the decision is against the prisoner, then not a single member of the jury will look towards the dock. They turn their eyes anywhere but in that direction. If women are serving on a jury, they are frequently more composed than the men.

It may be taken as a certainty that the jury in a murder trial will always remain out of court considering its verdict the better part of an hour, even although the evidence against the prisoner bears no reasonable dispute. The sense of what is fitting when a fellow creature's life is at stake keeps the jurors in their locked jury room.

Why, in one notorious murder case at a Midland Assizes the jury made up its joint mind for guilty the night before the trial ended and before hearing the judge's summing up. Yet finally the jury was out of court for an hour, "for appearance' sake," as a juryman confided to me later.

At the trial of Major Armstrong, the poisoner, the jury reached agreement within fifteen minutes, but remained together a considerable while longer, smoking and talking over experiences. The jurors wanted to avoid any suggestion of a quick verdict against a solicitor and former clerk to the Hay magistrates.

Once only have I seen a struggle in the dock as the dramatic last incident of a murder trial. That was with Jean Pierre Vaquier, the Frenchman convicted for the poisoning of Alfred Jones, landlord of the Blue Anchor Hotel at Byfleet.

Vaquier was inordinately vain. He perfumed and pomaded himself. He waved his hair and curled his fine beard. He considered the English were a stupid race. Considered it impossible that *he* would be caught in his murder plot by an English policeman.

Consequently the verdict came to him from the lips of the official interpreter as a tremendous surprise. Under the shock of it his temper flared. He shouted in French that it was an iniquity. Abuse was screamed at the judge. The prison officers tried to lead him to the cells, but he flung them off, showing his teeth and snarling like a wickedly vicious animal.

"Let him be removed," said Mr. Justice Avory with ice calm detachment, scarcely deigning to look upon the struggle confronting him.

The dock rocked as Vaquier fought against the officers. For a moment it seemed as if its wooden sides would collapse. Then the man was overpowered and forced below.

It would have been quite easy, as a matter of fact, for the prisoner's dock at the old Guildford Assize Court to collapse. It was only a flimsy, temporary affair, because the court was only a court at assize times. Its normal use was as a public hall for dancing and meetings. Really it was a comic court building.

In the corridor by which "my Lord the King's Justice of Assize" entered was a direction notice: "This way to the saloon bar."

Before any assize, the court room was built up like a stage set. The platform became the judge's Bench. The reporters' box was a strange, rough, wooden erection after the style of a small sports ground stand.

That building was the best accommodation which the county town could provide. Because nothing more in keeping with comfort and dignity was available, the Surrey Assizes were eventually moved to Kingston-on-Thames.

Wrote In Dock

Other incidents make the trial of Vaquier a vivid memory. I met the Frenchman before his arrest when, removed from the "Blue Anchor," he was living at an hotel at Woking opposite the police station. That hotel was suggested to him for the convenience of police observation, for, from the moment of the "Blue Anchor" landlord's sudden death, Vaquier was a person of suspicion.

During the assize proceedings I managed to get a message to Vaquier asking if he would write his comments for me on a British court, and say exactly what he thought of legal methods.

While Mr. Justice Avory was summing up to the jury, Vaquier sat in the dock writing busily. Speeches of counsel for prosecution and defence, and the summing up, were not interpreted to him and therefore he thought that was the time to carry out his promise.

He turned in his seat, looked towards me, gave a half wave of the hand, and pointed to his pad of writing paper. I realised then what he was doing. I began to grow apprehensive. Any moment I expected the judge to ask what the prisoner was writing, and I saw obvious trouble if Vaquier said he was writing something for a report in court.

When he had finished, Vaquier beckoned to the interpreter; spoke volubly, and handed him the written manuscript. After the adjournment it was passed to me—the only message ever written for a newspaper by a murderer in the dock during a judge's summing up.

I recall another unusual happening at this trial. There was a large skylight in the roof of the court, with the glass flaps kept open for ventilation. One morning a figure appeared at the skylight window, leaning through the aperture and turning a camera on Vaquier in the dock. In those days pictures of court scenes *could be* published if they *could be* taken. There was no complete ban on them as at present.

The man on the roof was a Press photographer, daring unpleasant consequences for an exclusive picture. Mr. Justice Avory saw him—as did everybody else in court—issued orders for police to go to the roof and bring the offender down.

Soon we had the astonishing spectacle of police constables clambering across the roof in an attempted round-up. The chase carried on over adjoining roof tops, and the photographer managed to get clean away. He had his retreat prepared. Although the police surrounded the whole block of buildings, he evaded them. He secured his picture and he kept it intact.

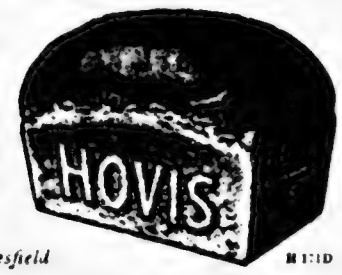
That photographer had a wonderful

(Continued on page 26)

Had your HOVIS to-day?

You always feel more active and energetic when you have HOVIS

There is STRENGTH in every SLICE



Macclesfield

Blackcurrant! Sharp—yet so sweet and soothing! And among the many real-fruit flavours in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles it's that *real* blackcurrant flavour you find—next to lime, lemon, tangerine, apricot, strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry!

Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard*
FRUIT PASTILLES *are medium*
And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUITS' in packets or loose 6d. ½lb.

2D TUBES

Also in packets 3D & 6D

Now they've started gardening!

The "Quins" have their own little plot of garden and very workmanlike gardening suits, too.

...the "Quins" are growing up on QUAKER OATS!

TWO and a half years of amazing progress have transformed these frail mites into five sturdy full-weight children, bubbling over with life and energy. How much they owe to Quaker Oats whole-grain nourishment! How wise were those in charge of them to select Quaker Oats from all the world's finest methods of feeding children—even before the "Quins" were a year old. Mothers! What an example for you to follow!

MAKE QUAKER OATS THE FAMILY BREAKFAST

Grown-ups, too, need Quaker Oats *every day*. Not only does it make the most delightful creamy porridge imaginable—but it is rich in protein, carbohydrates, mineral salts and other essential health elements *including the tonic, nerve-nourishing Vitamin B*. Lack of this Vitamin is the greatest cause of "nerviness," constipation and poor appetite.

255

YOUR GROCER SELLS THE SAME QUAKER OATS THE "QUINS" HAVE - BOTH FROM THE SAME GREAT QUAKER MILLS IN CANADA.

DOMESTIC SQUABBLE
WHOSE FAULT — MINE OR MY HUSBAND'S?
Stop, John, I hate you dabbing me with your shaving brush—it's not funny!
You used to be amused at it once, you know!
For goodness sake stop poking that fire! You get on my nerves!
All right..!
Oh! Mary! Has your Charles irritating little habits that drive you mad too? Honestly I don't think I can stand it much longer.
Good heavens, every man's got little habits and mannerisms. I'm sure we all have, you know I really think...
Gosh! Perhaps I do get upset easily. I feel so nervy and run down these days. I might see a doctor as Mary suggested.
...Yes I do wake up feeling I've only had a few hours sleep doctor.
That seems to be the trouble. You go on using up energy all night. If this isn't replaced, you wake up tired and never catch up, so to speak—result— Night Starvation. You get irritable, fussy, short-tempered I advise you...
Horlicks! So that's what the doctor recommended?
SIX WEEKS LATER
It's years since we went for a walk in the country darling - just like old times isn't it?
...and I'm enjoying every minute of it

YOU can't get any fun out of life if everything 'gets on your nerves.' In itself, that's a sign that you haven't the energy to cope with even trivial things. Probably you're not replacing, while you sleep, the energy used up — Night-Starvation, in fact. Make your sleep *effective* with a regular cup of Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks builds up your energy and keeps you fit and active. It's economical, too — just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-, Plain or Chocolate-flavoured. Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

EAT NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4D PER OZ. IF YOU FEEL C3 YOU'LL FIND THEM AI

WEATHER THE WEATHER WITH 1D 3D NIPITS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

Bringing up a family on £2·15·0 a week

— you must know how to get the most good out of meals

"That's why I get Rowntree's Cocoa,"

says Mrs. Davies, Preston, Lancs.

HOW MRS. DAVIES SPENDS HER MONEY		
Rent	16	0
Gas and electricity	2	6
Coal	3	6
Clubs (insurance)	3	6
Clothes and sundries	7	0
Food	£1 3	6
Total	£2 15	0

"MY husband's wages as a bus driver are £2.15.0 a week," says Mrs. Davies. "That's more than some women get, I know. But it doesn't go far with three growing children. My food allowance of 22 6 a week soon vanishes when I go out shopping, and I've always got to be racking my brain for ways to get more nourishment out of meals. You mightn't think that any kind of cocoa could make much difference in this way. But I've found that by drinking Rowntree's Cocoa we somehow get more good from all our meals. This means that every penny I spend on food is going a bit further.

"Another good thing about Rowntree's is that it's so digestible. When you drink as much cocoa as we do that's a big advantage."

* * *

Mrs. Davies is right. Rowntree's Cocoa does help you to get more good from every meal.

A special predigestion process (used only by Rowntrees) makes it more digestible than other cocoas. It's so digestible, it helps digest all other foods — as no ordinary cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible!

The result is your family get more good from everything they eat.

Roy (7) is the horse. Colin (6) the rider. Ruth (9) holds the reins. "Roy was very delicate as a baby," says Mrs. Davies. "I'm sure Rowntree's Cocoa has helped a lot to make him so strong and healthy."

FREE! KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH SOUVENIR CORONATION CASKET AND MEDAL

in fine colours, with medal mounted in the centre. Two layers of chocolates and confectionery. Free for 84 coupons. Free Gift coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.B. Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Coronation Booklet containing Free Voucher worth 3 coupons.

Crime That *Never* Happened

record for "illicit" court pictures. There was hardly a trial at which he did not succeed while rivals failed. On one occasion at Winchester Assizes, he obtained an exceptional photograph of Mr. Justice Avory as the "black cap" was placed on his head for the passing of sentence of death. He also took a picture of Alloway, the Bournemouth murderer, receiving sentence. Those pictures of a scene which is always terrible, no matter how often witnessed, are unique.

A murderer of exceptional behaviour was Alfred Rouse, the commercial traveller, who killed an unknown tramp and burned his body in a baby motor-car at Hardingstone, near Northampton, on the night of Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, 1930. The idea behind this unique crime was that the body should be mistaken for that of Rouse himself. He was to be mourned as dead by wife and relatives. He was to start life again from zero and thus escape the complications of his harem of secret women, as well as the financial difficulties his multitudinous love affairs had created.

From the minute Rouse was arrested he realised, I am sure, that there was little chance. He saw his certain fate on the gallows and he tuned himself to the inevitable consequence.

As a result, he played a part as an actor might. He made the most of his police court and trial appearances, and in his warped soul gained satisfaction from the knowledge that he—Alfred Arthur Rouse—was the subject of intense public interest.

Vanity

Only by this theory can his extraordinary posturing be explained.

If there was any piece of evidence revealing his love successes, he always looked towards the reporters to make sure full notes were being taken.

"Got that bit down?" I saw his lips frame that sentence on several occasions.

During the hearing of the case against Rouse the London newspapers nearly printed a murder which never happened.

We made our Press headquarters at a Northampton hotel, and staying at the same place were legal officers of the Crown, and experts, most of whom we knew well.

It chanced that one night a senior official was dining with the chief constable of the county. He returned from this hospitality about midnight to find a party of reporters still sitting up.

"You are a crazy set of men," said the official to us, "to be here when another murder has been committed."

What did he mean? What was the news? Questions were fired and he gave us circumstantial details. A young woman, well dressed and obviously of some standing, had been found dead by the roadside some miles from Wellingborough.

She was strangled. No doubt about it being a murder. The county police were on the job. They had not been able to identify the girl, but they had an idea she was brought to the spot by car.

Coming from such a source, and knowing with whom the official was dining, we accepted those details as absolutely safe and sure. We had been given a tip of a murder story before it became public through the usual channels.

There was a race then for the available telephones to put the news through to our papers. First editions about to go to the machines, but just time to get something in about this other murder mystery.

Following our intimation to London of what was afoot, we scattered to obtain additional information from the police authorities.

But, strangely enough, the county police had not up to then heard anything about the murder. Doubts ensued. We put through other calls to our newspapers to suggest going warily on the new motor-car murder. Meanwhile the offices were making ceaseless enquiries from their end. Every police station in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire was telephoned that night in the effort to locate the place of the crime.

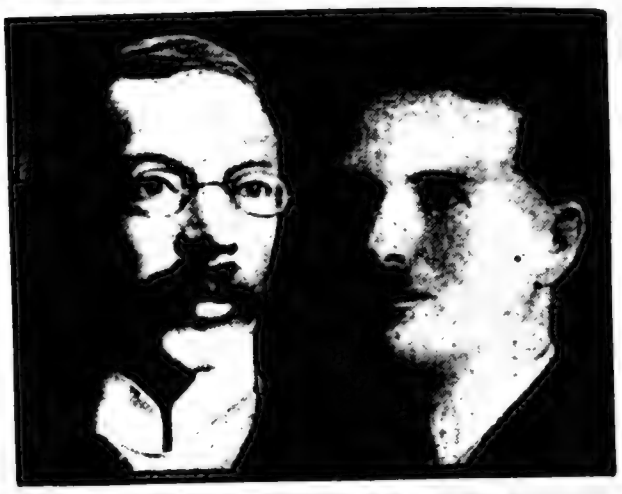
Were We Angry?

Finally we tackled the official again, telling him what a turmoil his "information" was causing. Thereupon he confessed: the whole affair was a hoax bred from an idea to play a practical joke on crime reporters.

Our false news cost the daily newspapers and news agencies a considerable sum of money. Were we angry? It was a piece of foolishness for which the official afterwards apologised handsomely. Such things are sent to try an honest reporter.

A last episode concerning the police in relation to a murder investigation. The case is the Bournemouth murder at Christmastide, 1921.

Miss Irene Wilkins, a London nurse, was lured by a bogus telegram offering her a professional engagement to Bournemouth. She was met at the rail-



Crippen, whose trial was the first big murder case "covered" by the author; and (left) Rouse, during whose trial a "murder that wasn't" nearly got into the morning papers through a hoax

way station, busy then with the [illegible] traffic, by a chauffeur with [illegible]

Next day her body was d[illegible] a lonely field on the o[illegible] town.

Tremendous hue and cry [illegible] for the unknown murderer. [illegible] for information [illegible] the public [illegible] by the p[illegible] a result [illegible] mass of [illegible] dence [illegible] Bournem[illegible]

Superi[illegible] ratt appo[illegible] senior [illegible] ally to [illegible] these le[illegible] mation [illegible] sible valu[illegible] dissected [illegible]

Months [illegible] and the [illegible] still with[illegible] to the id[illegible] man th[illegible] It seemed [illegible] Bournem[illegible] was to [illegible] the list of [illegible] crimes.

Then [illegible] tendent d[illegible] he would go [illegible] every doc[illegible] letter bear[illegible] case, to mak[illegible] nothing had been missed. The [illegible] were brought to him and he began his colossal task, taking the papers from the date of the murder.

And he found first a letter from an engineer resident in Bournem[illegible] who stated that he saw Irene Wilkins arrive at Bournemouth and enter a Mercedes car of a peculiar model for this country.

Vital Link

Three days later on the [illegible] a second letter from this witness stated he had seen the same car again at Bournemouth station, and [illegible] tion lettering and number [illegible]

Those letters had never been seen by Superintendent Garratt before his personal search of his. By some mischance they were filed away.

Yet they provided the vital link which the Superintendent needed. Those two letters led to the arrest of Alloway, the chauffeur, and his ultimate conviction. They were the starting point of the prosecution.

If those letters had been passed to the superintendent at the time they were received Alloway would have been arrested within a fortnight of the murder. As it was, he remained at liberty for months. He believed he had hoodwinked the police and [illegible] all time.

But the doggedness of a man who would not give up and say, "We have failed," defeated him.

Next Week:

When The Gunmen Held Up London

The Greatest Of These

Michael

TRAGEDY has befallen the family of Michael, who is one of twins aged two last Christmas Day. His ex-Service dad, who was devoted to the twins and his other children, aged five and three, returned on Christmas Eve from a temporary job, gave his wife his money as usual, and then, to his wife's horror, started knocking the children and the furniture about. She was just in time to save the children from harm and send for the police. He was taken to the asylum, where he now is.

Michael's father was wounded in the head during the war. He is now to undergo an operation.

His disability pension of 8s. a week is retained by the asylum authorities, and his wife, at present, has only 10s. a week, which she earns. She has been keeping up her rent of 12s by selling and pawning her possessions, but it has now fallen £2 in arrears.

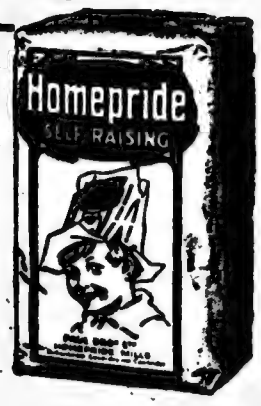
The doctor, who has known Michael's mother for seven years states that she is very temperate and takes a great interest in her four children.

Donations earmarked "Michael" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Batchelor's
COOKED Peas
are simply delicious!
WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF THE NEW STYLE RECIPE BOOK TO BATCHELOR'S PEAS LTD., SHEFFIELD 9
Price 2d PER TIN
B22
FRUITERERS & GROCERS

You want finer pastry?

Use this finer flour!



Do you know that every particle of Homepride is sifted through pure, super fine silk? The raising element is scientifically mixed—blended to an absolute nicety. Pastry of such exquisite lightness, such fine texture that you must taste it to believe in it. Homepride positively ensures uniformly good results. Start baking with Homepride today.

FREE! A CATHERINE IVES COOKERY BOOK.

In return for 12 empty 1 lb. bags, or equivalent, we will send you a magnificent bound Cookery Book containing 174 special recipes. And while you are saving up for this get the booklet containing a selection of recipes from the big book. Free of course; write Dept. J7, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead.

HOMEPRIDE

self-raising flour

For beauty's sake Shampoo your face with Cuticura Soap

To have a radiantly clear and healthy complexion you *must* cleanse the tiny "breathing" pores in your skin of *every* trace of clogging grime. Soap-and-water washing merely cleanses the surface of your skin, leaving the pores choked with dirt. For the *pore-deep* purity which signifies perfect skin health, you need something more than ordinary soap-and-water—you need a twice daily "FACE SHAMPOO" with CUTICURA SOAP. The soft, luxuriant, mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap gives you the *EXTRA* tonic and beautifying benefits of a really thorough shampoo-cleansing. The skin is healthier immediately, and daily you watch your complexion become clear and lovely as all blemishes disappear. Apply Cuticura Brand Ointment direct, in cases of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes. It quickly allays irritation and starts the healing process.

For the perfect finish to your daily bath, try Cuticura Talcum. You'll love it for its refreshing fragrance.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS

CUTICURA SOAP CUTICURA Brand OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

FREE: Sample of Soap, Ointment, and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing. Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 R.), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

WOMEN ADOPT SWIFT WAY TO WASH CLOTHES

Dazzling Results In Half The Time

AMAZING popularity of newly-discovered washing methods is reported from all over the country. Women, abandoning habits they have favoured for years, are taking up new Rinso methods which cut down boiling time to 2 minutes and cut out all hard rubbing by a quick 12-minute soak.

Women have learned that they can actually boil clothes clean with only 2 minutes at the boil, less time than it takes to boil an egg. And that they can soak clothes clean in 12 minutes. And from the very first time of putting these methods into practice, they get splendid results.

These two new methods dispose of the entire family wash—with the exception of the woollens and fine things, which require the briefest wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

The Rinso 2-minute boil takes care of the large, dirty things, which women have always boiled for far longer periods. Now, when these things come to the boil, they need to be boiled for only 2 minutes. This saves women as much as 20 or 30 minutes' worth of fuel—sometimes more.

The Rinso 12-minute soak takes care of the fast-coloured and white things that aren't dirty enough to need boiling. These things don't need to be rubbed any more. Just 12 minutes' soak in lukewarm Rinso suds, a squeeze through the same suds and that's absolutely all.

Yet these two swift, easy methods bring wonderful results. Clothes come out so beautifully clean and white that women wonder why they were satisfied with their former results. Delicate colours remain unfaded and bright colours come up brilliant as new.

This is because Rinso is absolutely safe. It won't wear out fabrics, harm fast colours or hurt hands. In fact, scientific tests prove that clothes washed in Rinso actually last longer because the Rinso bubbles draw out all the dirt gently and prevent it from settling back on to the fabric and wearing into the delicate fibres.

Women who want a dazzling clothesline without rubbing and scrubbing should get Rinso. It saves money by doing the whole wash alone and unaided. It also saves money on fuel. And it actually saves hours of time by boiling clothes clean in 2 minutes, or soaking clothes clean in 12 minutes. Yet Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d., and 10d. a packet.

Two Minutes' Boiling Enough!

THE adoption of the two new Rinso methods by women all over the country has struck the final blow to old-fashioned methods of washing clothes.

One method deals with things that need boiling the dry clothes are put into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds and brought to the boil as usual. But are then boiled for 2 minutes. Just 2 minutes! They need no hard rubbing at all. They are beautiful!

The other method deals with the whites and fast-coloured things that aren't dirty enough to need boiling. These needn't be rubbed clean any longer. They can be soaked clean in hand-hot Rinso suds in just 12 minutes. Then, after a gentle squeeze through the same suds, they can be rinsed and hung to dry, for they'll be brilliant!

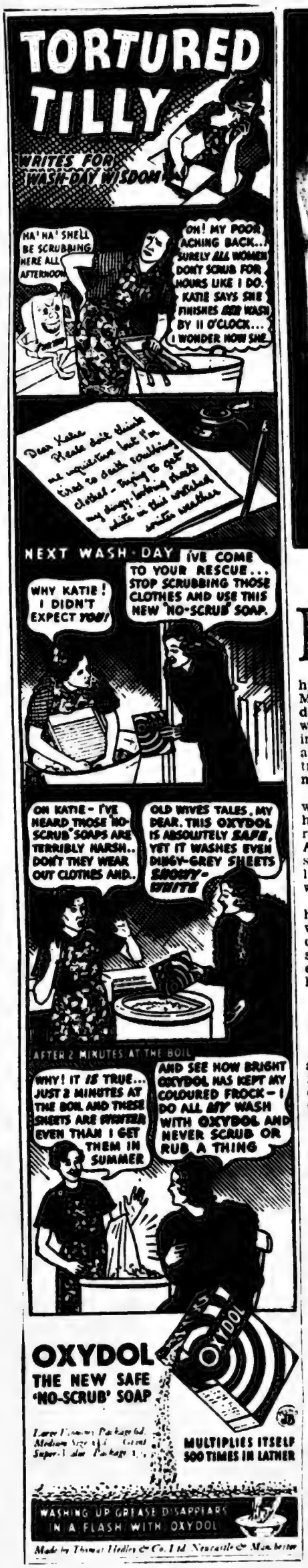
WOMEN STARED!

WOMEN who attended a wonderful free Scientific Washing Demonstration yesterday were held spellbound by the ultra-modern glass and scientific equipment. Large audiences of women all over the country are attending this free show that is touring from R. S. Hudson Ltd., Blackfriars, London.

2 MINUTES' BOILING OR 12 MINUTES' SOAKING WITH RINSO

MAKES CLOTHES BRILLIANTLY CLEAN!

R 2299-364 — — *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*


TORTURED TILLY
WRITES FOR WASH-DAY WISDOM
HA! HA! SHE'LL BE SCRUBBING HERE ALL AFTERNOON
OH! MY POOR ACHING BACK... SURELY ALL WOMEN DON'T SCRUB FOR HOURS LIKE I DO. KATIE SAYS SHE FINISHES HER WASH BY 11 O'CLOCK... I WONDER HOW SHE
Dear Katie, Please don't think me inquisitive but I'm tired to death troubling clothes - trying to get my dingy-looking things white in this awful weather
NEXT WASH-DAY I'VE COME TO YOUR RESCUE... STOP SCRUBBING THOSE CLOTHES AND USE THIS NEW 'NO-SCRUB' SOAP.
WHY KATIE! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU!
OH KATIE - I'VE HEARD THOSE 'NO-SCRUB' SOAPS ARE TERRIBLY HARSH.. DON'T THEY WEAR OUT CLOTHES AND..
OLD WIVES TALES, MY DEAR. THIS OXYDOL IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE, YET IT WASHES EVEN DINGY-GREY SHEETS SPOTLESSLY-WHITE
AFTER 2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL
WHY! IT IS TRUE... JUST 2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL AND THESE SHEETS ARE WHITER EVEN THAN I GET THEM IN SUMMER
AND SEE HOW BRIGHT OXYDOL HAS KEPT MY COLOURED FROCK - I DO ALL MY WASH WITH OXYDOL AND NEVER SCRUB OR RUB A THING
OXYDOL
THE NEW SAFE 'NO-SCRUB' SOAP
OXYDOL
MULTIPLIES ITSELF 500 TIMES IN LATHER
WASHING UP GREASE DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH WITH OXYDOL
Made by Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd. Newcastle-on-Tyne

"A mere mouse of a man, you may think, but . . ."

GOADED Husbands

A Reader replies to last week's article by Lesley Storm on "Goaded Wives"

And Now . .

I HAVE just been reading Lesley Storm's article in JOHN BULL on "Goaded Wives." It has made me very sick at heart.

She sees in the feminine hysteria that followed the acquittal of Mrs. Doris Teesdale on a charge of murdering her husband the fact that there was something of *every* woman's story in Mrs. Teesdale's story (of being lonely, and neglected by her husband, and treated with callous indifference, you must remember!).

Half the mischief and misery in the world is caused, it would appear, by husbands who slither like eels under the responsibilities they have undertaken. And, as a climax, there is the wide, sweeping assertion that there is too little attempt by men to understand women.

It makes a man who has been the helpless victim of a tragic marriage wonder: "What hope have I of being credited by the mass of women with a single good intention, of one single effort to avert the marital calamity that has overtaken me?"

BUT there is another side of the question, and I wonder if you will allow a very humble reader of JOHN BULL who, from practical and very bitter experience, has quite a lot to say about Goaded Husbands?

His text—*my* text—will not be Mrs. Doris Teesdale. It will be myself. . . .

Seventeen years ago, I married a woman of the "leaning" type. She displayed a spirit of absolute dependence on me that I confess I liked. Whatever I did, whatever I said, was right. Her views had to be my views, her religion my religion. She gave way in all things entirely.

Until six months after our marriage. Then I met with opposition against doing night duty at my place of business, *which was the duty most likely to enhance my reputation and further my career.*

Horrible pictures of what might happen if she were left alone at night were painted for my benefit. Terrible storms of hysteria convinced me that such pictures might come true.

Anyhow, I gave up night duty. I said good-bye to any immediate chances of promotion.

She was still of the "leaning" type, remember. She never tried to control me by threats or nagging. She was only a poor, distressful creature likely to do something dreadful if thwarted.

But, because she was that, I had to give up business visits to a neighbouring town—which I had been considering a new way of enhancing my prospects.

If I reached home after a certain hour in the evening—and I had colleagues who were improving their chances in life materially by doing late work—I would return home to hear her describe how she had found herself standing by an open bedroom window with an ungovernable impulse to throw herself into the street, two floors below.

"It s just that I get distracted," she would say. "If I ever do jump out, dear, it won't be deliberately."

In those circumstances, fourteen years ago, my mother-in-law came to live at my house. "I'm sure there will be tragedy if she doesn't. I have such terrible impulses while you are away."

Other relatives, naturally, had to visit mother. The cost of entertaining made it impossible for me to save.

My wife was soon the mandarin of the establishment, settling every colour scheme; choosing every article of furniture; deciding when we should have the new car and what price and model it should be.

It was she who decided to buy a house, which she later insisted upon leaving—at a loss of all we had paid—because "There's no knowing what I might do in that depressing place."

She planned every holiday; chose my clothes; and even set the limit beyond which my personal allowance could not go.

A mere mouse of a man, you might think. That's what men will always tell you when they themselves are suffering from some degree of the same feminine control.

But it was not because I was afraid of her that I used to give way. I can't really say that I gave way because I was afraid she would commit suicide. I just felt that I couldn't take the risk—that's all. It seemed too horrible that anything should happen that might engulf my children, parents, brothers, and other relatives.

IT is said that so many husbands "never grow up . . . or grow up ten years too late, when the marriage is on the rocks."

I was never allowed to grow up sufficiently to have a mind of my own. It was actually my wife's boast in company: "He's such a schoolboy at heart. I really think he always will be."

It is often said that men don't try to understand wives weighed down by child-bearing and domestic work. Are there not many aspects of my working life which my wife makes no effort to understand?

When my wife indulges in that massive generalisation that "men don't understand women." I can only answer that I thought I understood the women I married all right. What I don't understand is the woman she has become!

I do find myself wonder... whether I have fallen shor... in my own behaviour, and ... might have contributed to ... I have described in my ...

Men never discuss the ... their wives until they them... danger of being terribly ... by the world, particul... working colleagues. Then ... self-defence. In those cir... happy husbands find ... paring notes.

I have learnt a lot from ... of other poor devils.

One man I know has a ... him living at just abov... higher standard than h... More fool he? No: like ... afraid of vague threats. W... and he has the look of a ...

Another case is obvio... strong-minded woman who ... man because she thinks ... going. Where my wife sh... she is "so utterly femin... do something desperate ... succeed... was born. Her s... She ... children ... the stup... abashed ...

I once ... man ... disappe... His wife ... blaming ... The truth ... broke down ... strain of ... hostile ...

But the worst offender ... who has used every artifice ... and then, when she has ... strain too much.

My own wife, for instan...

She was archly pretty, ... She twittered her eyelash... sprawled on a chair, but ... over it to create the mo... effect. She knew how to ... cup, a wine-glass; which ... face to turn to you, and ... for her mirror told her tha...

HER laughter ... of teeth, h... bearing. H... dependable femininity—the... studied. She has abandoned ... fices, now.

This is true of other wives I ... of one I can add that she ... "Children? I simply ad... them before marriage, and "U... creatures," afterwards.

Such husbands as myself ... have described are victims ... pretences.

The law will help us to ... service we ordered. If we ... we contracted for we are ... no effort to understand our ...

We are the goaded husbands ... land. Goaded to wha... I d... know. . . .

I only know that I am ... desperation. Shall I be goaded ... to become one of those 250,000 ... who are separated from the... Or shall I remain one of those ... of men who see their marri... and can do nothing about it?

I'LL SHOW 'EM!
Want to score a hit with every me... put Pan Yan on the table and watch... tuck in with gusto. It's not only th... flavour that does it—Pan Yan is spe... to stimulate digestion, too. Result — ... nourishment from your food, and you ... fro...
PAN YAN-FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

A

'SAFE DEPOSIT'

for your SAVINGS

AND HERE'S THE KEY

. . . the key to a free mind, with the knowledge that your Savings—vital reserves for your future—are absolutely safe and permanently intact: available whenever you want them and earning regular 3% Tax Paid (equal to £3 . 18s. 8d.) Dividends. This is what an investment in the "Leicester" assures you—and it is just what every prudent man and woman must have for their Savings if they are to be real reserves.

YOUR RESERVES ARE TRUE RESERVES IN EVERY RESPECT. Any sum from £50 to £4,500 can be invested.

Write for Prospectus and full particulars to the Secretary, Welford House, Welford Place, Leicester.

Assets £13,983,000 mostly secured on selected private house property in the most prosperous districts of Great Britain.

Reserves £835,000 which are an exceptionally high ratio.

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If you want temporary relief, take your potions and purgatives. But to keep regular for all time, eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. Serve with milk or cream. No cooking necessary. Within the body the soft "bulk" of ALL-BRAN gently exercises intestinal muscles, and *sponges out* the system. ALL-BRAN is rich in Vitamin B and iron, valuable tonic elements to tone up your system. All grocers sell it.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

The Natural Laxative Food

530

WINCARNIS BRINGS BACK HEALTH AND VIGOUR

Take your stand. Don't let prolonged convalescence play havoc with your future health. Regain vitality and strength in the one sure quick way—drink Wincarnis. Wincarnis puts youth into your veins. Glass by glass it builds you up and gives you back your health and strength. Wincarnis helps you to keep young and hold on to the joy of living. Avoid cheaper, inferior products—remember health is priceless. Only first quality ingredients are used in making Wincarnis. It is worth every penny of its cost. 20,000 recommendations from medical men and thousands of wonderful cases of youthful health restored, testify to the value of Wincarnis. The Wine of Life.

Great Benefit to Influenza Cases

Recently I had some serious cases of Influenza, leaving extreme weakness. All are more than pleased with the wonderful results from Wincarnis. Also two cases with malignant anaemia greatly improved after taking Wincarnis.

TESTIMONIAL A/Y 3904

Nurse says: "Essential after serious operations"

I have given Wincarnis to two patients who were recovering from serious operations. Wincarnis seems to give new vitality immediately and they are continuing to take it until they are feeling perfectly fit and strong again. I shall always recommend it with confidence.

TESTIMONIAL B/K 6281

Nursed back to health and strength on Wincarnis! Thousands of almost hopeless sufferers know the joys of a Wincarnis convalescence. Joyous vitality returning day by day. New youth . . . new life . . . new happiness. If you would like to try a couple of glasses of Wincarnis at our expense send in the coupon below.

Health is Priceless—

WINCARNIS-5/6d

COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

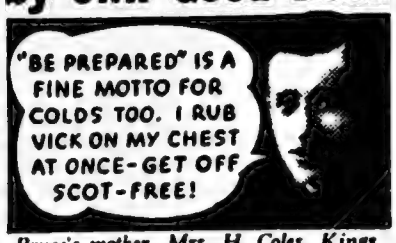
To: Coleman & Co. Ltd., Dept. A.D.5., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free trial bottle of Wincarnis.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Rover Scout escapes bad Cold by own Good Deed



Bruce's mother, Mrs. H. Coles, Kings Road, Fleet, adds: "Thanks to Vick I have not had one bad cold this winter. At bedtime I rub it on my chest and back. By morning, the cold has disappeared."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Let your nails shine . . .

but never your nose

It's so easy to keep free from shiny nose if you use Snowfire Powder-Cream. It gives your skin a fascinating 'matt' finish that lasts for hours no matter how hot you become. And what an economy it is to use! There are becoming Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to choose from.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

CONTAINERS 3d JARS & TUBES 6d

Issued in U.S.A.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 8,067, Mrs. N. Underwood, 13, Charles Road, Worcester.

"I stood looking at him like one hypnotised"

Night Intruder

"TOWARDS the end of the war," Mrs. Underwood said, "I was employed as a companion to a very wealthy lady. At the time this story begins, we were living in a large house in Berkshire. It was an old Tudor house situated in spacious grounds and about a mile from the nearest village.

"My employer was an elderly lady who had for years suffered with a complaint that made her more or less bedridden. My duties were quite simple. All I had to do was to read to her and attend to her secretarial business.

"In addition to me, there was a large staff of servants, consisting of a butler, footmen, a chef and maids.

"Although my occupation was congenial I found that I was often lonely and bored—especially in the winter. I suppose it was for these reasons that I made a friend of the butler. He had not long been discharged from the Army as unfit.

"But despite ill-health, he was a tall, muscular man of considerable physical strength. He had been a signaller, spending most of his Army service in a telegraphic exchange behind the lines in France.

"When my employer retired for the night, it was my custom to go to the library and read. At about eleven o'clock the butler would bring me a cup of chocolate and some biscuits.

"On these occasions, he and I would pass an hour away chatting about various events in our respective lives. I found him especially interested in his war experience. He had come into service from the Army, where he had learnt the rudiments of signalling and codes.

"He seemed proud of the fact that he had acquired efficiency in his work, and had risen to the rank of corporal. As if to demonstrate this to me, he would rap on the table messages in Morse code. Then he taught me something of the principles.

"I can't say that I was particularly interested in this aspect of our friendship, but I was always an attentive listener.

"ON Christmas Eve in 1917, my mistress had a rather bad turn and on the advice of her doctor she retired to bed early in the day. As far as I remember, it was a cold, windy day. That night I retired to the library earlier than usual. A nice fire had been made in the wide, open grate, and I was soon settled on the settee with a book.

"I might mention here that the room was large and square, with french windows that overlooked the front lawn. Lining the gravel path outside were trees, and on this particular night the wind howled and moaned in them in such a way as to make me feel uncomfortable.

"I never did like the wind, anyway. As a girl I lived in the depth of the country in a house situated on the fringe of a wood. Hearing the howling wind at night, I used to imagine all sorts of fantastic things.

"The wind represented the voices of the dead. I imagined a fantastic world in which the souls of the departed were perpetually tortured, and for hours I would lie awake wondering what my own fate would be when I died. Thus in after years when I heard the wind I was always overcome with a mild feeling of awe.

"It was the same on this night. In fact, I was so disturbed that I found it difficult to concentrate on my reading, and welcomed the coming of the butler with my chocolate. He stayed about an hour and then went to bed. When he was gone, I got up and put my book back in the case. Then I lit a cigarette, and walked over to the settee.

"As I did so I thought I heard a noise behind the long velvet curtains of the french windows. Thinking that it was only the wind, I dismissed my fears and settled down in front of the fire to think over certain little problems that had been bothering me at the time.

"The noises persisted. At length, I grew apprehensive, because I was convinced by their regularity that somebody was forcing the windows.

"Jumping up from the settee, I ran over to the door. As I was about to open it, a deep voice behind me told me to put up my hands and not to move. There was no doubt in my mind what had happened. I was being held by an an armed intruder. For a moment, I was in a blue funk. I felt like screaming out

"This was followed by an unusual calm. If I screamed, I realised it might cost me my life, so I decided to remain calm. As I stood there with my hands above my head, I was amazed at my self-composure. Turning, I beheld a masked man standing by the french windows with a revolver in his hand.

"'If you know what's good for you,' he said in menacing tones, 'you will keep your trap shut.'

"I stood looking at him like one hypnotised.

"'Come over here,' he added, pointing to the table in the middle of the room.

"When I reached the table I felt myself sway. I was overcome with faintness.

"'If I don't sit down,' I told him, 'I shall collapse.'

"'You can sit down,' he said, 'but no monkey business. You understand?'

"I SAT down at the head of the table.

"'Now I want you to talk and talk fast,' the man went on. "'I have no time to muck about. Where do you keep the valuables in this place?'

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"'Who do you suppose I am?—a bogy man.'

"I could see his eyes glaring at me through the slits of his mask. I felt that if I could prevent him from going to my employer's room, I should save her probably from dying of shock. But how to do this I could not think. Then I thought of a good idea.

"'I don't want to interfere with your business,' I said somewhat ironically, 'but I must warn you that if you leave this room you will probably be torn to pieces by three ferocious dogs.'

"This seemed to perturb the man. He looked about him nervously.

"'I want money,' he demanded. 'Do you get me? I got to have money, see?'

"'I have several pounds in my bag over there,' I said, indicating the settee.

"'Oh . . . you have, huh.' He looked quickly round.

"He backed towards the settee, covering me with his revolver. When he reached it, he made a hurried search.

"'There ain't nothing here.'

"'It was there.'

"'Listen, you trying to steal me? If you don't come across there's going to be trouble.' He walked over to me.

"'I've got nothing to lose by speaking you. Now come on—quickly. Where is the bag?'

"NO sooner had he finished talking than there was the noise of someone running across the room. I looked up, and there right behind the man was the butler—he had come in the same way as the intruder.

"He leapt on the man's back. A second later he had him on the ground and was hammering his head. As he was doing this the footmen and the chef, all clad in their night attire, burst into the room. There was a general mêlée, at the end of which the burglar was overpowered.

When Mrs. Underwood finished telling me the above story, I asked her was the other staff knew that the burglar was in the house.

"That's easy," she smiled. "When I sat at the table I tapped my foot on a bell that was concealed under the carpet. Remembering something of the Morse code which the butler had taught me, I kept on tapping S O S; this was heard to his bedroom. You know the rest."

A beautiful polish in a few seconds!

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE I HAD INFLUENZA ONLY FIVE DAYS AGO...

. . yet now I feel stronger, fitter and younger than I've felt for years.

THIS woman's experience is the same as that of thousands of men and women who, in this and previous epidemics, have taken Hall's Wine after Influenza.

Glorious, complete recovery—above all, *quick* recovery—that's what Hall's Wine gives you. It pours its rich, red strength into your veins within thirty seconds.

Hundreds of grateful letters testify how, within an astonishingly short time, people who take Hall's Wine become permanently stronger and brighter, and feel years younger! Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day—start your recovery today!

★ ★ ★

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

Hall's Wine

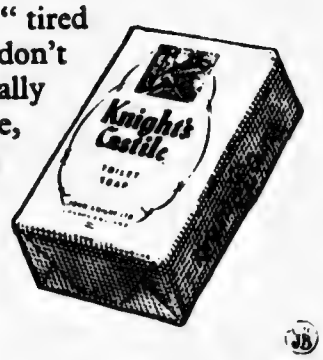
FOR QUICK AND LASTING RECOVERY FROM INFLUENZA

A tip for the waitress

and how it brought ROMANCE

YOU'RE LOOKING BLUE THIS MORNING ELSIE — WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'VE QUARRELLED WITH MY BOY FRIEND, MISS MARTIN HE'S KEEN ON SOMEBODY ELSE.
I WISH I HAD A COMPLEXION LIKE YOURS MISS, I'D SOON GET HIM BACK THEN.
I EXPECT THIS STUFFY AIR HAS GIVEN YOU 'TIRED SKIN' YOU TAKE MY ADVICE AND TRY KNIGHT'S CASTILE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I COULD HAVE SEEN IN HER ELSIE — YOU'RE MUCH PRETTIER.
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AGAIN NOW.
YES MISS MARTIN THANKS TO YOU WE'RE GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH.

Town air causes "tired skin" and "tired skin" causes unhappiness. But don't worry—Knight's Castile is specially made for the face, and its gentle, tonic action is the very thing needed to keep the beauty glands in your skin alive. Use Knight's Castile regularly, and "tired skin" can never trouble you. It costs 4d a tablet.



Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

KC 190-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

Trust Snowfire Tablet

to banish ugly roughness & painful cracks

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

WOMAN RECOMMENDS this WONDERFUL TREATMENT TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Only those who have suffered from, or been long associated with Victims of Asthma, can fully realise the tortures of this terrible malady. So read what a Lady of Northwich writes about

DR. SINGHA ASTHMA TABLETS

"Will you kindly send some of your Tablets to. . . . . My husband finds they do him more good than any other thing. My father has also been cured by your Tablets." (*Original Testimonial can be seen at our Office.*)

Price 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/- per bottle from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and 4,000 other Chemists. (Special Tablets for children up to 14 years, 3/- and 8/-.) In case of difficulty, send price direct to:—

Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., Caernarvon, G.B.

BEWARE THAT HARD DRY COUGH

Nothing is more dangerous

Don't neglect that cough—particularly if you have recently had 'flu, however slight. A cough is Nature's way of showing your lungs are in danger. They have been weakened by the sunless summer, the damp muggy winter and the germs of 'flu, and you must get at the root of the trouble without delay. Take Famel Syrup NOW. A few doses will not only cure the cough, but will heal the vital organs which the cough has weakened. Its tonic properties build up your strength quickly so that your body can resist further attacks.

SPEED IS ESSENTIAL:
Get rid of your cough quickly—within three days—and the damage is slight. Neglect it, or treat it with remedies or inhalants that merely soothe the symptoms, and the damage becomes more and more serious and permanent cure more difficult. You must get to the root of the cough and get there *at once*.

NO ORDINARY COUGH CURE
Famel Syrup is no ordinary cough cure. It does more than soothe the trouble—it destroys the germs which are the root cause of every cough and cold. It is a scientific preparation recommended in famous medical papers and used by Doctors, Nurses and Sanatoria everywhere.

REMARKABLE PROPERTIES
What makes Famel Syrup so entirely different from ordinary remedies? First, Soluble Lacto-creosote, which has a specific action on the germs of coughs and colds. It is absorbed by the blood-stream and attacks the germs from within—*the only sure way of removing the cause of the trouble.*
Secondly, it contains sedative elements which soothe and heal the membranes of the throat and lungs that are dangerously inflamed and irritated by the cough.
Thirdly, Famel Syrup builds up your strength and resistance with Phosphates which counteract the "body waste" and restore your appetite and vigour.

SPECIAL EPIDEMIC WARNING

Lung complications, such as Pneumonia, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., are the main danger in the Influenza epidemic now raging. A course of Famel Syrup will safeguard you and your family. It has been tried and proved in millions of cases all over the world.

FAMEL
BRAND
SYRUP

FAMEL SYRUP IS YOUR SURE SHIELD AGAINST COUGHS, 'FLU-COUGHS AND ALL BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

All Chemists sell Famel Syrup
1/6 and 3/- (Triple Quantity)

Goes to the root of your Cough

Golden Miller led in by Miss Dorothy Paget after a Gold Cup success. "He is at the same time the public nightmare and the public idol"

Racing Duel Of The Century

The Gold Cup

(Three miles two furlongs).
At Cheltenham, Thursday, March 4.

Miss Dorothy Paget's
GOLDEN MILLER.
Bay g. by Gold Court—Millers Pride.
Trainer, O. Anthony—10 years; 12 stone.
(Blue, yellow hoop, yellow cap.)

Major Noel Furlong's
REYNOLDSTOWN.
Brown g. by My Prince—Fromage.
Trainer, Furlong—10 years; 12 stone.
(Straw, pale blue sleeves and cap.)

IN all sport and entertainment there is no magnet nearly so powerful in drawing the public as either of the racehorses Golden Miller and Reynoldstown.

Each by himself fills every racecourse at which he appears.

It is no exaggeration to say that the world is waiting for the moment when the two of them will come together at Cheltenham next Thursday in the contest for the Gold Cup. The beam radio and cable services have made arrangements for the result of the race to be sent round the world from transmitters on the course.

The "Miller" jumping

Golden Miller, a former Grand National winner, has gained the Gold Cup five years in succession. There is nothing comparable with that achievement in sporting history — except the sequence of wins in flat racing by old Brown Jack at Ascot. The record must be imperishable if Golden Miller succeeds again on Thursday.

Reynoldstown has won the Grand National in each of the last two years—a feat unequalled for sixty years. He will not compete in the Grand National next month; he has been reserved and specially prepared for this Gold Cup challenge to Golden Miller.

Neither of them, of course, may win the trophy next Thursday. That is not the issue on which sportsmen are divided.

It is which of the two animals will master the other at level weights over the three and a quarter miles of the magnificent natural Gold Cup course—which will be in front of the other at the finish, whatever the result. There has already been an immense amount of wagering on the race as if it were a match between the two giants.

Golden Miller is the firmer favourite at the moment. He is at the same time both the punters' nightmare and the public idol—the most popular Irishman since St. Patrick.

The experts say that his old jaunty step has gone, that he has lost his nerve for the big obstacles, that the edge has come off his wonderful speed, that he has turned sour, that he is as likely to stick his toes in the ground or to refuse a fence as to go over it, that instead of running like a train as he once did he moves in the manner of a shunting engine.

Again and again he throws confusion into the ranks of bookmakers and backers—but still the public refuses to believe that he has ceased to be the champion and most brilliant steeplechaser in the world.

THERE is long silent dismay on the racecourses when Golden Miller is seen galloping away riderless in a race after one of his exhibitions of temperament. But always the onlookers accuse anyone or anything rather than the horse himself. Eleven different jockeys have been tried with him. No sooner does it seem that one has got his measure than Golden Miller promptly upsets the idea.

They said when he was a baby that Golden Miller, whatever greatness he achieved, would be a peculiar horse in full maturity. He was then a veritable Greek god of the equine world—except for his feet and his stomach.

His hooves are like soup-plates. He has always been sensitive about those great clumsy feet and tries to hide their size by an exaggerated dainty tread.

Because of early stomach trouble, he was put on a milk diet. The horse has been milk crazy ever since. Moreover he is a connoisseur of milk. He refuses all but the Jersey variety. That is why a herd of Jersey cows has always to be kept at the training establishment where he lodges. He needs gallons a day.

Golden Miller's owner, Miss Dorothy Paget, wealthy thirty-two-year-old daughter of Lord Queenborough and part-inheritor of the American Whitney millions, has not lost faith in him and actually believes that to-day he is better than ever. She never invests less than £2,000 on the horse in every race, but she proposes to bet much more than that amount next Thursday not only that he will beat Reynoldstown, but win the Gold Cup for the sixth time.

Owen Anthony, to whose stable at Letcombe Bassett, in Berkshire, Golden Miller was sent after his inglorious debacle in the Grand National two years ago, has certainly done his part well in preparing the horse for the supreme test at Cheltenham next week. He has lately knocked pounds off him, and the muscles stand out on his quarters and shoulders in great clusters. His heart was examined a few days ago and found to be as sound as that of a young horse.

There are no black marks at all on Reynoldstown's coat sheet. He is a family horse and behaves like one.

Since he was a youngster he has been practically a member of the Furlong household at Skeffington Hall, in Leicestershire, and throughout his career both as champion long-distance hurdler and as steeplechaser—sealed by two Grand National wins—he has never shown a trace of vice or cunning.

HE is so intelligent that in his box a few yards from the house he can identify by their footsteps all the members of the family.

Reynoldstown in all his life has never had an hour of illness. Major Furlong, his owner-trainer, says definitely that this is because of the quantity of apples the horse eats.

There is only one idea that Major Furlong and his son, Frank, who usually rides the horse, cannot get out of the animal's head. It is his firm belief that a race should never finish. Winning posts mean nothing to him when he passes them. He goes on and on and revels in the tussle with the strongest jockey who tries to persuade him to stop.

"But," says his owner, "I won't mind if he gallops into the next county on Thursday so long as he wins that Gold Cup for the Furlong sideboard."

A LONG PULL

FOUR years of heart-breaking struggle, and out of the mud of Flanders came the battered old wagon of Europe. With a new wheel or two and a coat of paint, we thought in 1918, she'll still be good for a few more hundred miles along the trail.

But what of to-day? Isn't Europe sinking back into the morass? That was in the mind of a Dunfermline competitor. The result was his £20 winner, A LONG PULL—WASTED—EUROPE'S "IN DEEPER."

Why not try your hand *now* with some of those thought-provoking *Examples* on page 43? With fine Coronation Prizes to be won in an intelligent and absorbing hobby, why not join the ranks of "Bulleteers" this week?

Brandy...

MABUELL

... has SO MANY USES

With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!

Again in 1937 Hercules VALUE UNBEATABLE

£3.19.9

HERCULES POPULAR MODEL "S"

This speedy, general-purpose "Sloper" Light Roadster is first choice with many riders—particularly with the entirely new improved "North Road" high-raised handlebar.

FRAME: 22", 24" and 26". Sloping top tube.
WHEELS: 26" x 1¾".
TYRES: Dunlop Roadster.
HANDLEBAR: "North Road" High Raised. Optional: North Road Dropped.
BRAKES: Front and rear rim.
SADDLE: Lycetts L.21.
PEDALS: Rubber.
FITTINGS: Toolbag, tools, inflator and reflector.
FINISH: Black enamel; gold and red lining. Usual bright parts Hercules chrome-plated. All black finish available at no extra charge.

Price £3.19.9 *Nett cash*
OR ON EASY TERMS.
LADIES' MODEL "L"
Price £4.5.9 *or on Easy Terms.*

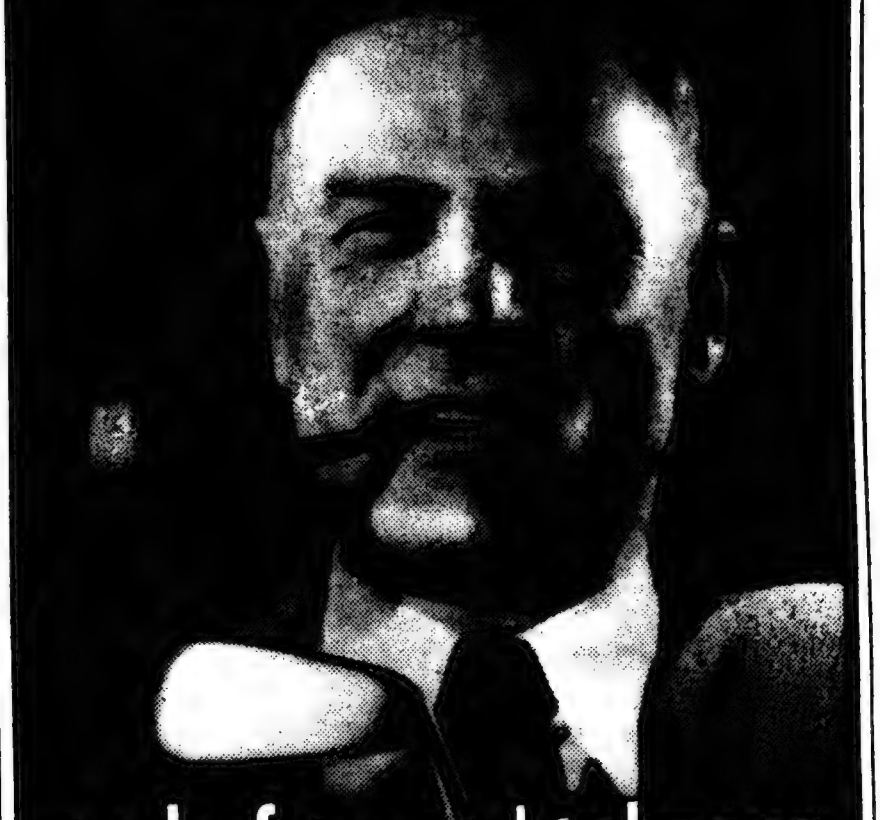
Don't be misled by any just-as-good arguments. There is only one largest cycle manufacturer in the world—and that's Hercules. Unique manufacturing facilities make possible top-grade specifications and rock-bottom economic prices. Check Hercules item by item against any other make. Hercules is outstanding on *every* point. Make no mistake about that. Hercules quality today—as always—is unbeatable in the industry.

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

NO DEPOSIT FROM 2/- A WEEK

Insist on
Hercules
THE LARGEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

COOLNESS the secret of good golf . . .



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S'
BONDMAN
is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

RICE PUDDING made with NESTLÉ'S MILK

is richer, creamier

ACE OF BLADES
KEENEST BLADE 4 FOR 6D KEENEST PRICE
AT WOOLWORTHS AND ALL STORES

Are You Interested in SHARE-OUT CLUBS?
—Then don't overlook the National Savings Club Scheme on p. 20. For further details fill in and send the Coupon!

4 LARGE CORNS removed from dancer's feet after 9 Years agony!!

READ THIS LETTER

"IT is with gratitude for the great benefit I have derived from using 'Reudel' Bath Salts that I write this testimonial.

I am a dancer and the hard work on my feet my profession necessitates caused to grow on my toes four large and very painful corns which gave me agony when dancing and greatly handicapped me in my work.

I have had these corns for nine years, and have tried during this period, nearly every other remedy to cure them, without success, but I am now pleased to say that by the daily use of 'Reudel' Bath Salts for a fortnight, I was able to easily remove the corns which have completely disappeared and my feet are now in perfect condition.

Yours faithfully,
Miss I.M.W., Manchester."

Don't suffer with those feet another day — don't endure the agony of those corns any longer — just get 'Reudel' Salts from your chemist and prepare a magical 'Reudel' foot-bath, supercharged with oxygen and special corn-loosening salts. Instantly pain goes — feet are soothed — corns stop aching . . . soon come out altogether. No corn is too obstinate for 'Reudel' Salts — the unequalled treatment for all foot troubles.

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Human Documents By Philip Inman

Husband— *Or* Child?

WHICH should have the greater consideration—husband or children? Many a woman has to answer a question of that kind. Here it is in concrete form. One of my readers sends me this letter:

My husband has a small business which brings in enough to keep us in fairly comfortable circumstances, but we have four sons and a daughter, and it is concerning them that our problem has arisen.

We live in a small seaside town where there is no industry whatever and which only manages to exist by the visitors who come during two, or at most three, months in the year. My suggestion is that as the family is now growing up and leaving school I should go and live in a town where there would be opportunities of employment for them.

My husband could keep on his business and visit us every week-end. He, on the other hand, does not like the idea, and keeps on saying that something will turn up for the children. In vain have I pointed out that most of the young men about here are on the dole and I don't want that to be the fate of our boys.

I am convinced that the two years after leaving school are very important, as they decide whether a young person shall become a useful citizen or a slacker. Your advice would be most valuable and will help us to decide who is right—my husband or myself.

The wife is right in what she says about the importance of the years immediately following school and her desire that her children shall find useful occupations.

She is wrong in suggesting that she should leave her present home and start a new one for her family in another town. Her place is with her husband. He does not live in that seaside town for pleasure—but for business, a business that has enabled them to "live in fairly comfortable circumstances."

The husband is wrong in talking so complacently about "something turning up" for his children. The experience of others in that town disproves such an idea.

THE difficulty would solve itself if the man could dispose of his present business and a find a similar one in a more progressive town. If that is not practicable, then the children should decide what they want to do and obtain work as near to their home as possible. That would enable them to spend the week-ends with their parents.

I myself left home when I was seventeen years old—and I never regretted it. This mother can pay periodical visits to see that her children are well cared for.

And here is the same problem—in a different form. Is it a wife's duty to accompany her husband wherever his work may take him? In this case it would mean going abroad and leaving not only her native land but her own people and friends. Here is this woman's story:

We have been married four years and have a dear little girl of three. Shortly after our marriage my husband obtained a good position which meant breaking up our new home, as the firm in question was a hundred miles away.

Joyfully we took the plunge and it has proved a success. Recently his employers have asked him whether he would consider going to one of their branches in Africa, where there would be splendid scope for promotion and advancement.

He is very keen to take this opportunity, but the snag is myself. I do not want to leave England and my home folk. I cannot stand excessive heat, for even the hot weather of an English summer tries me very greatly. Apart from these things my view is that we are very happy where we are and are doing reasonably well financially.

If we go abroad and my husband receives a good salary we should have to live up to it, and, for business reasons, entertain a good deal.

If it were anywhere in England I would not hesitate, but to go thousands of miles away fills me with an awful dread.

This girl has a very difficult decision to make. It is not easy for some natures to go and live in a strange land; it is not pleasant to be separated by thousands of miles from loved ones and friends.

Should the children's future be jeopardised for the sake of the husband's business? A difficult decision to make

But she must remember the other side of the picture. Her husband is "very keen" to go. The position offers "splendid scope for promotion and advancement." Let us suppose that she persuades him to turn it down.

There is the danger that in the future he may reproach her for checking his ambition and spoiling his career. The one thing that would justify my correspondent's attitude is the question of her health.

She says that she cannot stand excessive heat. She does not tell me which part of Africa it is, but if she did I would supply her with particulars of climate, temperatures, etc. Armed with this information, she could ask her doctor if by living in such conditions her health might be impaired.

It would be foolish to embark upon the venture if ill-health is likely to result. But if this is not the case, then I advise her to be brave and overcome her objections to the idea. There are always compensations in everything.

If this girl sets out with the determination to enjoy her new life, to take advantage of her husband's improved position, to back him up in his resolve to make a success of his chances, I am sure that things will turn out better than she anticipates. And she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has not shirked her duty.

In my hospital life I see something of the havoc caused by illness. Here is a pathetic illustration of that fact:—

It is three o'clock in the morning and I have lain awake for hours turning over a problem in my mind. I prayed hard for guidance, and suddenly the answer occurred to me. "Write to Mr Inman for advice," and here I am—sitting up in my little downstairs bed-sitting room writing to you while the rest of my dear family sleep.

I have been ill for two years, and in spite of every care by doctors and a loving family I am getting steadily worse. My doctors say they can do nothing more for me but they are arranging for a specialist to examine me in a week or two. The medical opinion is that, had I been able to afford it, a sea voyage to a warmer climate might have helped me.

The next best thing would be for me to spend six months by the sea in Devon or Cornwall and, if I derive benefit, to live there permanently. We have been married nineteen years and have two children, a girl of seventeen and a boy of fourteen, and we have always been a happy and united family.

My husband has worked hard, and his reward there now seems a prospect of his obtaining a position with his firm which will compensate him for all his labours. He might give up all he has aspired to and come with me to Cornwall only to find that I was still as big a burden as ever.

The alternative is for me to go alone and try it out for six months, but who will take an invalid who needs constant nursing, for the money we could manage to pay? And how will they get on at home without my guidance?

My husband's work is a full-time job necessitating nights spent away from home. Is it right to leave a boy and girl alone at their ages, just when they need a mother's help and protection? What am I to do?

I AM desperately sorry for my correspondent. Added to her illness is the worry of what to do for the best. I only hope the specialist's report will be reassuring. But as things are now two points are quite clear. First, her husband must not sacrifice his employment. The second thing is that her doctors have recommended a stay in Devon or Cornwall.

Somehow or another that must be arranged. The question of expense would be met by her going into a convalescent home, and on this point her medical advisers could help her.

As to leaving her home and family, is there not some relation who would come and look after things for the time being? If not, then let us hope her husband will soon obtain his promotion which would enable him to engage a temporary housekeeper.

The first, indeed the only, consideration is my correspondent's health.

Send your private problem to "Humanist" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

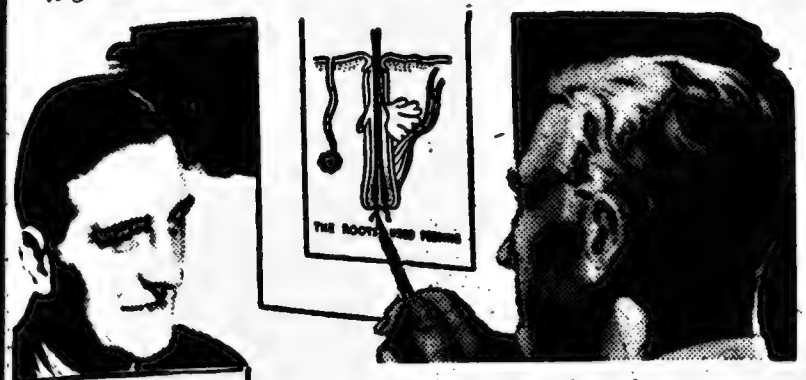
Fitness through the forties

* De KUYPER'S HOLLANDS

Professor Polland, famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, says . . .

BALDNESS

is generally caused by starvation of the scalp



about Mr. Ainge, saved from baldness by Silvikrin.

Read Mr. Ainge's case in the letter below—and look what a fine head of hair he has now, as his photograph shows.

"My hair had been falling out for the last few years so badly that I had become nearly bald. In addition, what little hair I had left was distressingly full of dandruff, so that my clothes were always smothered in it. I had tried all sorts of things, and was in despair until my barber recommended Silvikrin. I tried it—with amazing results. Dandruff disappeared in two or three days, hair stopped falling, and new and vigorous healthy hair started growing. Now, as the enclosed photograph shows, I have a head of hair healthy in every way—thick and glossy and vigorous again."

Signed H. M. Ainge,
16 The Vale, Golders Green, N.W.

I prescribe the hair's natural food—

SILVIKRIN

Professor Polland (his photograph is above) was one of the most famous specialists to whom Silvikrin was submitted for testing. His report was sweeping in its praise (it is quoted in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle), and he now prescribes Silvikrin in cases of dandruff, falling hair and even baldness.

HOW SILVIKRIN ACTS

Dr. Weidner, the celebrated biochemist, in a brilliant piece of research, discovered the fourteen organic elements necessary for hair growth, and succeeded in putting them up in nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Silvikrin is the hair's natural food—if the hair is not getting this food from the blood stream, it must get it from Silvikrin, or dandruff, falling hair, and eventually baldness will inevitably result.

Look up *your* hair trouble in the table on the left—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day!

WHAT YOU NEED: For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty.
Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.
Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

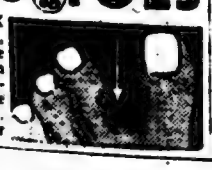
without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

ITCHING TOES

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves the itching at once, kills the fungi that cause it and stops the disease from spreading. Soothing, healing, antiseptic. Obtainable from all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 3 - per jar



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Gives Comfort and Confidence 'Nearly puts "Roots" in Dentures'

Dr. Wernet's Powder makes plates hold so firmly and comfortably that they feel natural. A slight sprinkle on the plates makes them hold firmly yet comfortably all day long. No more slipping and clicking, no more embarrassment—no more sore gums. You can talk naturally and chew thoroughly, as with natural teeth. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

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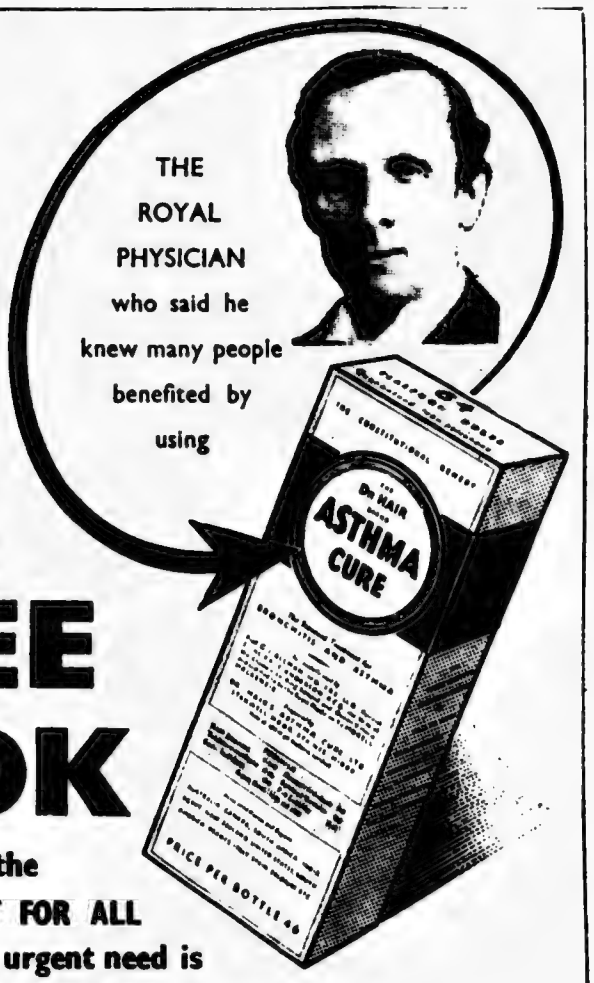
"Uraco brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse ....., Chesterfield. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.



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explaining the HOME TREATMENT FOR ALL those whose most urgent need is

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This Free Illustrated Book tells you how Dr. Hair concentrated on making all sufferers from these dreaded complaints sound and healthy by the use of an inexpensive treatment. Full information is given about Causes—Dangers—Treatment for Children—Hygiene. Also, relief is quicker and surer if you follow Dr. Hair's few simple Diet rules.

Eminent medical men and well-known public persons have praised the treatment. Letters of appreciation, testifying to the lasting relief obtained have been, and are being, received from men and women in all spheres of life.

Now that the Dangers of Winter's Rains, Mists and Cold are here, patients are being recommended to us daily. You also, should get in touch with us, as there is no need to go on suffering from sleepless nights, choking tortures, excessive coughing and mucous expectoration. Take your first step on the road to glorious health by sending the coupon, a postcard, or a letter for the Free Book, or by purchasing the medicine from your Chemist.

Remember, Dr. Hair's treatment not only brings relief, it rapidly helps to restore health, strength and flesh.

HEALTH IS YOUR RIGHT: NONE NEED BE DENIED

Be Sure to Ask For

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	Prices
Asthma Cure - - -	2/6 & 4/6
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Obtainable at all chemists, or direct, post free, from address in coupon.

The Dr. Hair (brand) Asthma Cure does lasting good without the slightest dangerous after-effects because it contains no experimental drugs.

YOU WANT PROOF ON HOW TO END YOUR SUFFERINGS

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To DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE LTD. (Dept. O.1.), Stanwell Moor, Staines, Middlesex. (*Late of 104 High Holborn, W.C.1.*)

Please send me Free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book.

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Post in an unsealed envelope for ½d. stamp.

After Colds and Chills

come

Kidney Ills, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Urinary Disorders

COLDS, CHILLS, INFLUENZA, or the strain of overwork, quickly upset the kidneys. When the activity of the delicate kidney filters weakens, impure blood carries poisons to all parts of the body. Backache, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, painful muscles and joints, swellings and nerve pains make life a misery. Don't be laid up, but take Doans Backache Kidney Pills, now. They stimulate the kidneys, relieve the pain and prevent the onset of chronic rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and other serious kidney complaints.

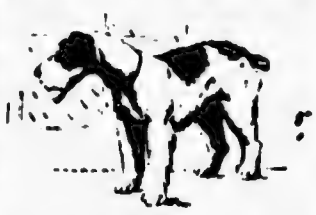
Don't Endure Kidney Troubles

Ask Your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/- (GB)

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

When you can't exercise your dog



At this time of year most dog owners have a guilty feeling that their dog is not getting enough exercise — especially those people who know that it is partly by exercise that a dog gets rid of blood impurities. But remember, even when bad weather robs your dog of exercise, he need not suffer — provided you purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. By thoroughly cleansing his blood, these famous powders, given regularly, will keep him entirely free from listlessness, scratching and the more serious complaints that so often follow. Don't put it off. Start today to keep your dog *really fit* — whatever the weather.

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cure and prevent winter lassitude, sickness, loose, ragged coat, scratching and eczema. *In pkts. 6d. & 1/- from chemists & dog shops.*

Why There Are 30,000 Drug Addicts (Continued From Page 15)

DOPE SENT BY PIGEONS

Three men who are fighting the deadly traffic in drugs—Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd (top) Mr. Norman Kendal and (below) Russell Pasha

ascribed to diminished vitality brought on by drug-taking.

But worse than any of these is the way that the traffic in "killer" drugs like cocaine and heroin still flourishes, in spite of British official statements to the contrary.

Blame the clubs again. For as the number of clubs, "bottle parties" and other semi-private illicit drinking facilities has grown, so has the dope racket sprung to life again from the admittedly low ebb it had reached a few years ago.

Last year Mr. H. A. Lyall, British Chairman of the League of Nations Central Opium Board, announced flatly in his report that, "*The present system of fighting the illicit drug traffic has broken down entirely.*"

Simultaneously with the departure of Mr. Norman Kendal, Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, to Geneva, the League's investigators reported that there were at least 30,000 addicts in Britain, who between them averaged five ounces a head per year, *a total consumption of nearly five tons of drugs per year. And nearly every one of the 30,000 is concentrated in London.*

Straight away, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Home Office Under-Secretary, got up in the House of Commons to deny that Britain had 30,000 addicts. He put the number at 700, of whom a large proportion were doctors.

★

But it was a weak denial because the alternative figure he gave was that of "known addicts," meaning those who had come under Home Office notice through drug homes or the police. And everybody knows that there are addicts who, so far, have not brought themselves within either of these two categories, and so within official notice.

The centre of Britain's drug traffic is that triangle of narrow streets comprising Soho and the "night-town" of London around Piccadilly Circus.

The clubs and drinking dens are the first line in the chain of distribution, meeting-places between the "wholesaler" or direct importer and the peddlers; and between the peddlers and their sub-agents. Occasionally, too, between the agents and the consumer—the cocaine, morphia or heroin addict.

It is an immensely complicated traffic. Sources of supply are as involved as the channels of distribution. According to the League of Nations Committees—whose years of work and specialised sources of information have made them authorities on the traffic—about 200 tons of morphia and 1½ ton of cocaine out of the world's manufactured supply vanishes into illicit channels every year.

By watching the world output of acetic anhydride and deducting the amount used up in ordinary articles of commerce like artificial silk and aspirin, these chemical detectives at the League can deduce how much heroin goes into illicit traffic. For heroin is made from morphia and acetic anhydride. The amount "unaccounted for" is about 7½ tons.

But there, except for provisional estimates of the amounts each country absorbs, the trail ends.

How do these drugs come into this country, into the "underground" traffic? One way is through London's Dockland, carried in small quantities by the crews of vessels trading with the Far East. Since the European factories are now "regulated," China (and particularly the Japanese-run factories of Manchukuo) is the main sources of supply of drugs like heroin.

Last year 24 tons of acetic anhydride were imported into Shanghai—enough to manufacture more than fifty times the world's medical needs of heroin. What did China want this substance for? Its output of aspirins and rayon is negligible.

Another entrance is from the Continent, again *viâ* the ports which deal with Far Eastern trade. You will remember the disappearance of the British Vice-Consul at Marseilles a year or two ago.

It was officially believed that he was murdered by members of the "drug ring" because he had unearthed some of the means by which illicit drugs made their journey between Marseilles and Great Britain.

From the Channel ports it can reach this country in small consignments at a time through many loopholes which the authorities have never been able to close.

One method is by fishing boats which come over into British waters and drop oilskin packages of dope overboard. Some months ago at a South Coast resort the Customs got very interested in some "strangers" who had suddenly started a "crabbing" business. They were making too many journeys out to lobster-pots they had set, at a time when local fishermen knew that such journeys were hardly worth it.

Another method is to bring in dope in bottles. It is easy enough to stick an aspirin or other medicine label on to a bottle containing tablets or powder.

The Customs officials admit that they cannot seize and analyse every bottle a woman carries in her handbag, or that a man carries as "something the doctor ordered."

★

Then, fantastic as it may seem, carrier pigeons can be used in the traffic. A single pigeon can carry three or four ounces, which is a lot of drugs.

It was suggested some time ago that larger consignments could get in by normal channels, mixed with substances like talc and crushed bone. But the import in small quantities is less risky to all concerned, and the profits are huge enough to make it pay.

To the carrier or his principals the dope "wholesaler" pays roughly £100 a kilo (about 2 lb.) for cocaine. He sells it to the peddler at, generally, £450 a kilo. The peddler then makes the p up into five-grain "decks," as portions are called.

Sometimes to make more profit, make the cocaine "kick" longer t addict, he makes the "decks" up an equal quantity of phenacetin there are about 15,000 grains in a he gets at least 3,000 "decks" o each parcel—or 5,000 or 6,000 if he "laced" the dope with phenacetin.

The peddler, unless he has a enough personal "connection" addicts, gets rid of his "decks" in of twenty or so at 5s. each to sm peddlers, or sub-agents, who each ha personal "connection."

For his outlay of £450 he thus re back between £750 and £1,500 P who know the dope traffic in the W End state that a peddler could shifting his parcel of "decks" a two months—representing an income £9,000 a year.

★

The sub-agent unloads 5s. "decks" at 10s. to £ time to his customers. T it he "works" the n clubs, not only for busi discussion with his friends, but als find new customers.

As a rule, though, there is little s "passing" done at the clubs. The g merely begins there. All the ped needs is addresses. The dope come the addict by post, or he is given fake request to make while ordering or drink at a Soho cafe, and the precious "snow" is under the or the plate.

Again, the addict is told to £1 note under the doormat of a He will find a packet of dope in its place later on.

These are all methods of pass known to the police, but it does them much, for the racket is for them to hope for more than ing out bits at a time.

And then there is a st honour among the peddlers.

Most of them know their clients, but they don't "poach" on other's territory. If one is "knocked by the police, another takes o connection and works it up. fortunate one comes out of prison a

Addicts, too, are faithful to a par lar peddler—just as Amer cans their favourite bootlegger during hibition days—especially when th found out that he deals honestly them, and sells the "right" st

In the last three years there been less than a dozen pro tions of peddlers—and mo hundred are known to be in ness. Remember, too, the Lea of 30,000 addicts in Great B

And ask yourself: Is it suppos the Government has got "in about London's new nigh surprising that the police raids upon the toadstool should seek to stamp out chief channels of this e deadly traffic?

C. C

Next Week:
MONEY FOR "DIRT"

If you can't do that there hair

● Yes, Sir! BRYLCREEM conq the most unruly hair. It keeps in position all day long with clogging the roots. For you see, BRYLCREEM contains no injuri gum, soap or starch—just nat oils to nourish and stimulate the ha

Yes, Sir, BRYLCREEM is perfect Hair Dressing and To Obtainable in bottles, tubes or wide neck bottles from all chem and Hairdressers. Price 1/- A for BRYLCREEM to-day.

MOTHER!

ARE YOU DOING THE THINGS YOU SHOULD ABOUT YOUR CHILD'S COLD?

MANY cough and cold treatments are only local in their effect. They may ease the cough and arrest the sneezing. But they don't go deep enough to fight the condition of weakness that makes a cold drag on and on, and often leads to something worse. For bodily strength to throw off her cold and keep free from colds your child needs a quick-acting, body-building tonic. And that means Scotts Brand Emulsion.

An eminent Research Body has proved that 30 minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body, and particularly her chest and lungs.

Then the cold begins to disappear in earnest. The cough loosens and eases away. Your child picks up her appetite and puts on weight. Soon she's rosy-cheeked and sturdy, ready to withstand any kind of treacherous weather.

So remember. You must not only rid your child of her cold, but build up her body so that she won't get another. Start doing this with Scotts Brand Emulsion from to-day and watch her go through the rest of the winter healthier and happier than other children.

SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

Starts strengthening your child's chest within 30 minutes

HEARTBURN

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF

what a godsend Moorland Tablets have been to me!

A RETIRED FIELD OFFICER WRITES :—

"I feel that I should be lacking in gratitude if I did not write and tell you what a godsend your Moorland Tablets have been to me in giving me instantaneous relief from heartburn. I have tried almost every advertised cure for this complaint but without obtaining relief. I can assure you that I am most grateful." —M. A., Cheltenham

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:

7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) **1/3** flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin to:*

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :— All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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ARE you confident that your lavatory is absolutely spotless? Disinfected and deodorised? Also in that hidden bend in the pipe — where you can't see? There's no doubt, if you use Harpic. Harpic is specially made for lavatories. It keeps the pan spotless. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe — *cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach.* It disinfects and deodorises.

With Harpic there's no unpleasant work. No need for poisonous fluids or dangerous acids. Just sprinkle Harpic, leave it as long as possible, then flush. In NEW EASY-FLOW TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.

Cleans! Disinfects! Deodorises!

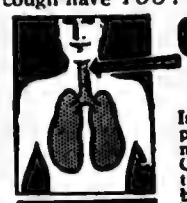
—FOR LAVATORIES

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Where Are The DANGER SPOTS IN YOUR LUNGS?

COUGH VICTIMS BEWARE!

IF you have a cough, then somewhere inside your lungs, throat or chest is a spot of inflammation or an accumulation of mucus. These are the ideal breeding grounds for deadly germs. They are the breaks in your bodily armour through which these germs enter your system and set to work to destroy the structure of your lungs. So nature resorts to the "desperate remedy" of coughing. Each cough is a violent paroxysm of the breathing muscles in an effort to "clear away" the danger spot. Where *are* these Danger Spots in your Lungs, Throat or Chest? What kind of a cough have *YOU?*

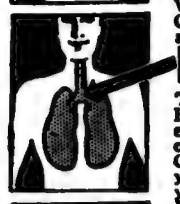


CATARRHAL COUGH

Is your throat choked with poisonous and germ-laden mucus? VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE will "cut-up" that nasty phlegm: make breathing easy and stop that constant clearing of the throat.

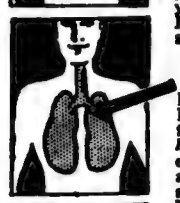
MORNING COUGH

Do you cough in the morning and find your chest "choked up"? Serious lung troubles often start like this. Take VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE before you go to bed and in the morning.



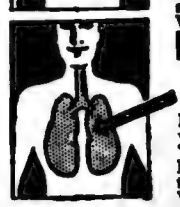
BRONCHITIS

The coughing bouts which BRONCHITIS brings on can be easily stopped if you take a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE before going out, before you go to bed and every time you have a coughing attack. Keep a bottle by your bed to stop night attacks.



ASTHMA

If you are a victim of ASTHMATIC attacks; that awful fighting for breath, VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE will enable YOU to breathe easily and get relief from the heart-straining paroxysms. Keep VENOS always handy.



LOOSE, PAINFUL COUGH

Have you a loose, painful cough which makes your chest "rattle" when you breathe? Does it seem to "rasp" at your throat? The first dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE will bring you ease and the cough will soon be gone.

CURES YOUR COUGH OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE stops coughs instantly and *arrests the development of dangerous germs.* Get a Bottle of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE to-day. If you are not satisfied with the results return the empty Carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester 10, and your money will be refunded instantly.

VENOS Brand LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11½d, 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle

QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID STOMACH

'BiSoDoL' is a complete Stomach *Treatment* which will give immediate and lasting relief to those who suffer from indigestion and other distressing disorders of the Stomach.

'BiSoDoL' ensures you freedom to enjoy every meal without fear of pain, flatulence and discomfort. It is a scientific preparation of specially selected ingredients each of which has a particular and important function—one assists digestion, another neutralizes acids and another relieves the painful inflammatory condition of the stomach walls.

Sufferers from Stomach disorders need only give 'BiSoDoL' a trial to be convinced that 'BiSoDoL' is not just another stomach powder, but a COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT.

'BiSoDoL' may be obtained from all Chemists, either in Powder or Tablet form.

POWDER	*TABLETS*
Price 1/3 & 3/-	Price 1/- (30)
Family size 4/9	And 2/6 (100)

You can readily prove the truth of the above statement by sending for a free sample of Powder or Tablets to BiSoDoL Limited, Dept. 68B Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BiSoDoL
THE COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT

FOG gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d

TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

★ Every Post a Winning Post! ★

BETS by POST

THE GREAT
SPRING DOUBLE
SEND FOR PRICE LIST FOR THE
LINCOLN AND NATIONAL
LONG ODDS QUOTED FOR EVERY HORSE

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race —any race—will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Send Your Bets to the "Big Two"

Please send your terms of business.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B. 27/2/37.
Address .....
Town .....
County .....

BIG Two

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C.2

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT..

A FLOUR-MILL at Erith where I have worked for thirty-four years has, with three others, been closed down, and all of them concentrated in a large central mill at the docks.

Yet these mills each had concrete silos capable of storing more than 3,500 tons of wheat, had good riverside frontages where 200-ton barges could be berthed and could be unloaded and reloaded with little labour in amazingly short time.—J. COOMBER, Coldharbour Place, Erith, Kent.

Typical of this Government's emergency food plans—presenting bigger and better targets for bombers.

The Billion And Half

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILLIONS for slaughter preparation in five years! —£300,000,000 a year! I'm in a mental maze. It's so stupendous as to be meaningless.

And how I kick myself for a first-class fool when I think how I was stampeded —by those who have now organised this orgy—when the Labour Government suggested only £100,000,000 spread over a generation for social betterment.—MRS. MARY LINDSAY NASH, Prince's Gate, S.W.7.

It means £9 10s. every second, day and night, until 1942. Or an average of 10s. weekly for every home in the land for five years.

Could Be Worse

MAY I protest against the meaningless comments by magistrates in the matrimonial courts?

This incident has gone unrecorded, but I can vouch for it. The other day, at Derby, a woman who asked for a separation order on the ground of cruelty said she had to suffer severely from her husband's temper every time Derby County lost a football match.

"Tut, tut," said the magistrate, refusing the application, "you should be thankful your husband isn't a Manchester United supporter."

What sense is there in that?—W. BENNER, Duffield, Derby.

A good deal. Manchester United is at the bottom of the First Division.

What They Say

I AM much upset because of remarks people pass regarding my twenty-two-months-old son, my only child.

He is very forward, speaks and counts well, has an excellent memory, and, without being masterful, insists on doing things for himself. He does them capably and resents interference.

My distress is caused because so many friends say that a child who is "old" is always destined for a short life.—E. CROSS, Oxford Street, Bulwell, Nottingham.

A stupid old wives' tale.

LUCK *Nerves* DOGS *Defence* FOOD

His Brainwave

WHY don't the authorities embark on a scheme to ensure dry weather to the people during the holiday period?

I have in mind a plan by which weather observation stations would be built along the western shores of the British Isles. Fleets of aeroplanes would be maintained there to fly out and discharge electrified sand into approaching clouds so that the rain would be precipitated into the sea.—T. J. GREAVES, Westville, Abertysswg, Rhymney, Mon.

Why threaten the sailors?

Try It

AFTER years of training for the concert platform, I am useless because of intense stage-fright. It overpowers me even when I have to make a little speech, or am asked to subscribe to the entertainment at social gatherings of friends.

Is there any cure?—J. L. HALLIDAY, Rowena Crescent, Battersea, S.W.11.

Chaliapin has advised resting the weight on one foot to steady nerves when speaking or performing.

Having His Day

LAST week I allowed my dog to drink at a pond. In a few minutes he was staggering and then collapsed.

On carrying him home, I could only form the suspicion that he was intoxicated.

I learned that waste from a brewery drains into the pond.

Three times since he has gone off and always come home or been found drunk. To-day it was clear from his condition that he had taken a bath in the stuff. —F. WEBSTER, Coutts Road, Walker Gate, Newcastle.

The hairs of this dog should have some value.

Homing Dog

SIX weeks ago I sold a dog to a farmer five miles from here. Every other day it breaks loose and returns to my house.

He says that because of this it is useless to him, that the sale must be void, and I must refund the purchase price. Is this correct?—A. T. GROVES, Holderness Road, Hull.

No. Each time dog arrives, tell him to come and fetch it.

In Luck's Way

MY baby was born a month ago with a caul—the membrane which covers the heads of some infants at their birth.

The doctor asked permission to take it away with him after he had removed it, and said I should soon hear of something to my advantage.

Yesterday I received a letter from the secretary of the Seamen's Institute stating that the doctor had sent the caul to him and that it had been made the prize in a shilling raffle. He enclosed the proceeds—a money-order for £5 [illegible].

What is the explanation?—Mrs. BENNISON, Adams Road, Kingston P[illegible] mouth.

A caul is prized by sailors as a charm against death by drowning.

How It Happened

I SENT a postcard from my shop to a wholesale firm ordering some goods. Next day the postmistress told me that a telephone message had been received from the sorting office that a postcard with a message written by me was lying there because it had not been addressed to anyone and was unstamped.

A few hours later the firm's traveller called and said a postcard, recognised as coming from me, had been received properly addressed, but it contained no message!—MRS. F. JAMES, High Street, Brotton, Saltburn.

You had written on two postcards stuck together which became separated.

Silly Rules

WHILE in hospital with rheumatic fever, the pain had for some time prevented me from sleeping well.

Then one night I fell into a deep and glorious slumber.

But at midnight I was awakened by the nurse and told to swallow a sleeping draught. When I protested, she said that the doctor had prescribed it earlier in the day and I must take it.—J. FORBES, Kilnhillock, Glenisla, Dufftown.

Military regime is still one of the worst faults of public hospitals.

Do You Agree?

DURING the broadcast [illegible] services my husband [illegible] back in his armchair and puts his pipe.

I remonstrate with him in vain and point out that if it is sacrilegious or indecent to smoke in church, it must be no less so while hearing the service at home.—MRS. J. N. L. FAIRBAIRN, Gowkcroft Road, Croftfoot, Glasgow.

If a pipe helps him to digest sound Christianity, leave him alone.

In our reply last week [illegible] regarding commercial enterprises [illegible] collect waste and lumber [illegible] hospitals, we did not, of course, [illegible] include the Excelsior Poultry Society, of Mile End, E., and [illegible] organisations.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Race With "Silver Ring"

The Jumpers' Ascot

WINNING owners receive over £10,000 at the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham. Rightly called the "Jumpers' Ascot," it attracts the best 'chasers and timber-toppers in training.

Golden Miller has won the Gold Cup five times and I think he will do the trick again next week, despite the fact of being opposed by two other Grand National winners—Reynoldstown and Kellsboro' Jack.

The National Hunt 'Chase, the amateur riders' "National" and, next to the big event at Aintree, the most sporting event in the world, may be won by Sinfac.

Law Court should be noted for the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup.

At Kempton Park this week-end, Carefree and Red Ashes may be the best wagers.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 25, to Wednesday, March 3.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

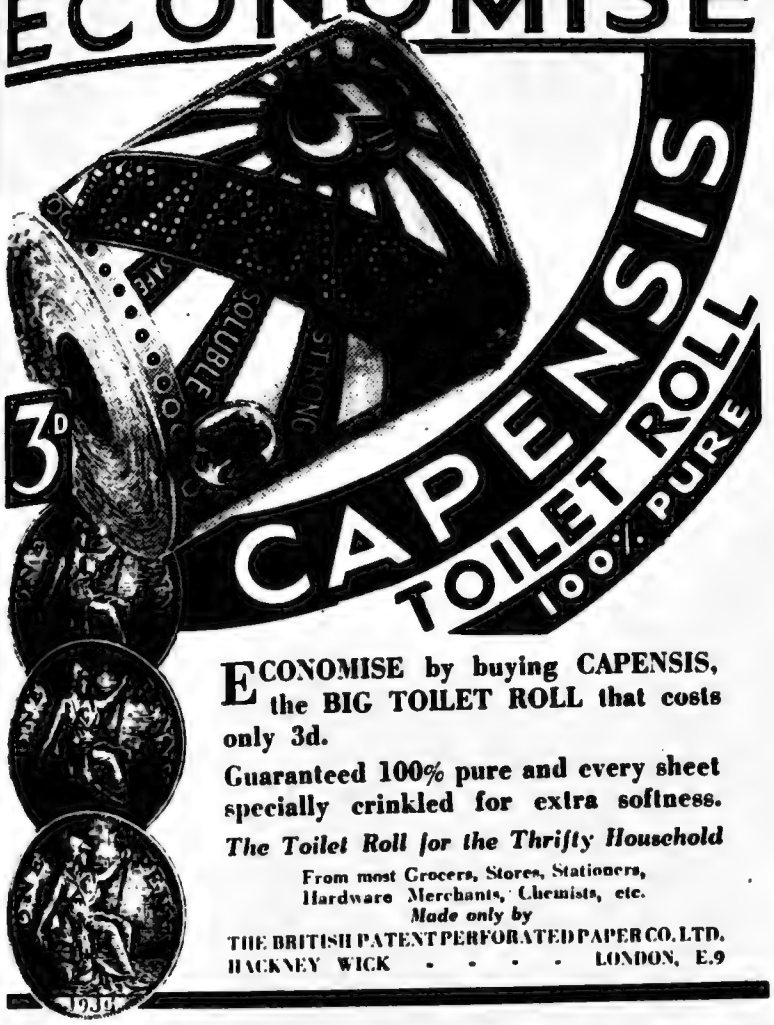
J9396OM94Z would read CITADEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. G93Z298W would read FILLIP.

10,000 DOCTORS recommend amazing NEW formula for CATARRH

When you've got Catarrh and [illegible] —when your nose is stuffed up [illegible] is throbbing—it is then that [illegible] offers you immediate relief. It is [illegible] nor yet an inhalant, but a bland [illegible] pound with amazing curative [illegible] seat of all catarrhal infections [illegible] germs is in the *cavities* behind [illegible] passages that lead to the throat. A few drops of this soothing compound 'NI-MAKOL' dropped into the nose with a special dropper penetrate almost imperceptibly [illegible] seat of the trouble and, unlike an [illegible] inhalant, stay there until their germ-killing work is done. And then in less than [illegible] your head feels free and you can breathe easily again. Get a bottle of 'NI-MAKOL' (remember the name) from your Chemist [illegible] day (price 1/6d); it means sudden death to colds and catarrh germs.

ECONOMISE



ECONOMISE by buying **CAPENSIS**, the **BIG TOILET ROLL** that costs only 3d.

Guaranteed 100% pure and every sheet specially crinkled for extra softness.

The Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

From most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.
Made only by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD.
HACKNEY WICK - - - - LONDON, E.9

FENNINGS'

Children's Powders

HAPPY BABY
HAPPY MOTHER

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION
SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-
Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

To all sufferers from

URINARY TROUBLES

The function of the kidneys is to filter off from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries dissolved in it, the nitrogenous waste of the system, a substance called urea, and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly complete elimination of these waste products does not take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequency, burning, smarting, rheumatism and general lack of tone are the results.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for ... for these urinary troubles and ... have obtained relief.

"... wonderful to me. I suffered ... with pain and not getting my rest ... get up three or four times during ... last three nights I have slept ... pain, which is a great pleasure ... always recommend Cystopurin to ... from kidney and bladder trouble."
(Mrs.) ... 13, CRAITHIE ROAD, DONCASTER.

... tablets from your chemist to-day. ... bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and ... obtainable only from chemists.

CYSTOPURIN

(sis-toe-pew-rin)

... Solution to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.2,
GENATOSAN LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever. "My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Ward. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed. Also my hair, which was greying grey, resumed its natural colour."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

quickly stops hair falling—narrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of scurf and quickens slow growth.

Fill in and post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HARE BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (S.J.P.W.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Team Shampoo.

FREE BOOK FOR ASTHMA SUFFERERS!

FILL in the coupon on p. 35 for special copy of a 48-page Book! You may never regret it!

2d STOPS COLDS AND 'FLU

2d. is all you need pay to stop that Shivering and Sneezing!

2d. is all it costs to end that Cold, Chill or feverish attack of 'Flu!

2d. is all that is needed to end those pains in the limbs, head or back!

2d. is the price of a **BEECHAMS POWDER**—the greatest boon to suffering humanity!

Millions have *proved* that Beechams Powders act like magic. The whole nation acclaims them! They are a wonderful combination of medicaments which have been proved to be supremely effective! They are pleasant to take and their special powder form renders them **QUICKER ACTING—EVEN MORE CERTAIN IN RESULTS!**

Beechams Powders cost only 2d. each—but they are "worth their weight in gold" to all in the grip of Colds, Chills, 'Flu and Winter Aches and Pains. Try them at once! They are the World's finest HEALTH value.

Don't shiver or sneeze or suffer pain—2d. will put you right again.

Beechams BRAND Powders

Act Like Magic 2d. EACH

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

SKIN DISEASES

Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . "
(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

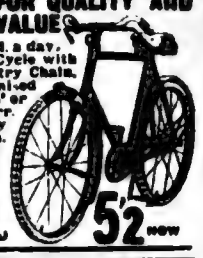
Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic: no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous **Free Sample**, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



8/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLAGSHIP" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies' Men's, Juveniles, & Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

DRIVE OUT CATARRH OVERNIGHT

Use Nostroline nasal remedy to-night. Sleep better. Wake fresher and free from Catarrh. "Nostroline" acts instantly on Catarrh, Colds, Influenza. Stops infection, clears head, disperses nasal discharge, relieves Head Noises. 1/3 all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J.88. *Clifton, Bristol.*

INCREASED CORONATION FIRST PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD and GREAT RADIO OFFER!

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE

PLUS

£500 CASH And £10 CORONATION CHEQUE YEARLY MAY 12

FINE TRIPLE AWARD — OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £900 CASH

ALL-WAVE RECEIVER

—a superb "Ferranti" Model suitable for A.C. or D.C. current, presented with each Runners-up prize of £3 or over this week—

VALUE £9·19·6

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of [illegible] only one less meritorious Answer [illegible] nor-up, we shall forward a [illegible] Award—to be posted [illegible] publication of winning [illegible]

PRESENTED on this page is the fifty-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 18, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 43. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 6.

2. In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms, 8 squares in all, and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mis-laid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner-and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 18. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 23, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4. Should the first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5. Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 50.

Winners on page 5.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 41.

CLUES ACROSS

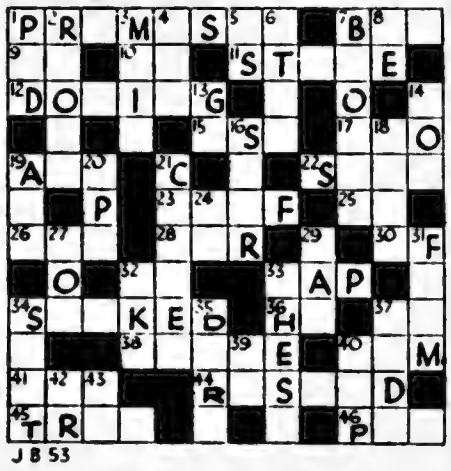
1. Candidates have to consider these as election approaches
7. May be of a kind which means danger for sailors
9. Centre of easel
10. How annoyance begins
11. What one usually gets with long training
12. Parents doing this cannot see the mischief their child is doing
15. Venomous little serpent
17. Sound made by a dove
19. Donkey
22. What car does on slippery road
24. You cut slices of bread from this
25. Bit of muslin in sleeve
26. Attempt
28. Last three quarters of hour
30. Besins and ends spoof
32. Middle two of eleven
33. Schoolboy usually wears one on head
34. For big plant to be this properly, special [illegible] are often necessary
36. Head and tail of hog
37. Common to crow and craven
39. Rub out
40. Scort for Pomeranian
41. Not in
44. Gates which are this need watching
45. It's unwise to go round corner [illegible] one
46. Reliable one enables child to be left safely

CLUES DOWN

1. Batsman wears on leg
2. Most of these in London will be fully occupied at Coronation time
3. Large factory generally has a big one
4. Public house
5. In success and failure
6. Mountaineer always welcomes this when climbing mountain
7. Baby builds with these
8. Both ends of axle
13. First half of game
14. Fish are sometimes got on this
16. Careful make-up is needed for imitating one
18. Lubricates
19. This of puzzler is interesting to watch
20. Secret agent
21. Living in this means luxury
24. In clouds and vapour
27. Dozy
29. You can quickly bring things home by [illegible]
31. Demand sent out by tax-collector to [illegible]
32. Friend or lengthen
33. Gives rise to problems only experts can [illegible]
34. Student usually has this to get through [illegible] examination
35. Is apt to make walking difficult
37. Spy sends messages in this
39. Half sunk in surf
40. Go in peppery
42. Members ecr
43. Commences toothily

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 53. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1937

J B 53



J B 53

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

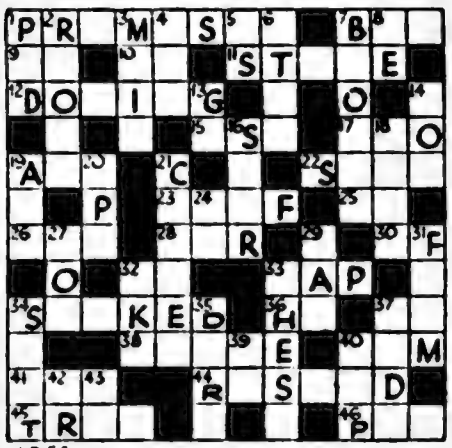
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 53. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1937



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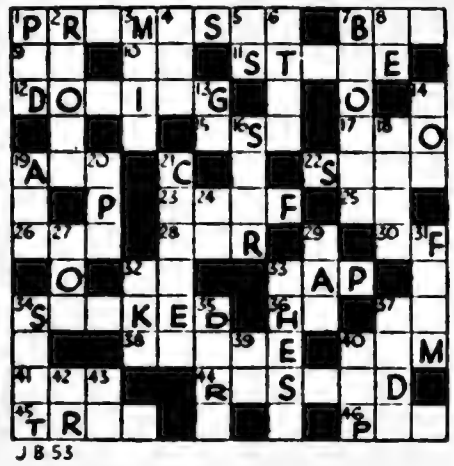


J B 53

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

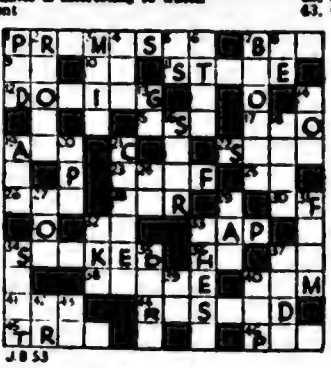
.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 53, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

SAE CLAIMS REQUIRED



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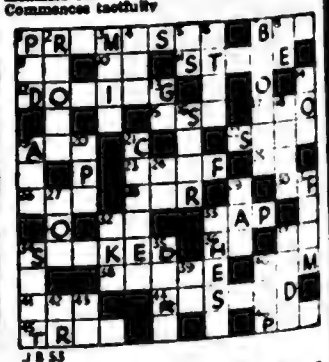
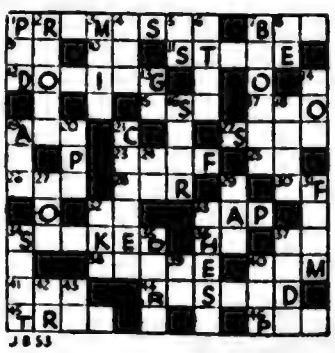


J B 53

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between shares' Newsagents



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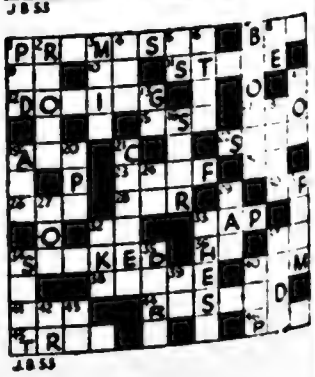

J B 53

If you ... any matter—ex-... nomical nature—... expert advice that ... and addressed ... Advice" is all ... in your query. ... given on this ... correspondents are for ... in full.

SCOUTMASTER (Croydon). — "What do you find about men who stick to their road, however rough it is?" Plenty of grit.

R. M. (Richmond). — "Ice-skating gives a pain in the neck." That's a queer one to talk!

E. H. Baldock. — "What is the most labour-saving device for a car?" Obviously, he does everything.

Miss I. (Chester). — "What, actually, is the recruit?" One who has just finished his first lesson in horse-riding.

E. S. Bailey. — "Hammond is a hard-hitting batsman." He drives bowlers to despair.

VICAR (Essex). — "It is better to give than to lend." We have usually found that there is very little difference.

POULTRY FARMER (Billericay). — "Keeping bees is not very profitable." Just a few poultry shillings profit, we suppose?

MISSING (Dulwich). — "Bank notes often carry germs of many dangerous complaints." We're ready to risk it.

MISS MALE (Wandsworth). — "What is the best thing to put in the water when boiling potatoes?" The potatoes.

S. B. A. (Seasalter). — "It is only natural for an injured party to want his own back." Not if he's got lumbago.

G. K. (Goole). — "Old limousines are now being converted into taxicabs." Return to the ranks!

ACTRESS (Chelsea). — "I had to give up my new part as I found it too difficult to learn. Hard lines.

DOCTOR (Woolwich). — "Epidemics of measles are comparatively rare nowadays." They only break out in spots.

K. J. (Birmingham). — "Our maid got the better and surprised the burglars." An unusual maid would surprise anyone.

GOLF ROCKCLUB. — "Owing to the unfair bias on the pitch our opponents had a dozen holes against us." You couldn't stand up against them.

TAILOR (Grimsby). — "He offered to pay my bill by giving me his pet leopard." The spots, however, was not the type of spot I had wanted.

L. B. Crayford. — "I am writing a book of limericks. What size should it be and how should it be bound?" We suggest a pocket edition with a cloth cover.

O. M. (Rhyl). — "England ought to have a good chance of winning the track events at the next Olympic Games." We'll certainly be in the running.

MRS. J. (Tynemouth). — "When I ordered coffee the grocer sent me a bottle of coffee essence." But you have no grounds for complaint.

ELECTRICIAN (Liverpool). — "I have started up quite a prosperous connection by going from door to door asking if I might start up and renew the electric bells." You are pushing your business.

CLERIC (London, W.). — "I have nothing but contempt for the man who takes his womenfolk to a night-club." But it's almost the only place left to go to by the time they're ready!

So Weak and Anæmic

SHE HAD TO TAKE TO HER BED

"Some time ago I was attacked by colic, constipation and anæmia," states Miss G. Greaves, of 56, Sheffield Road, Chesterfield. "I lost weight rapidly and grew so weak that I had to take to my bed. I lay there for some weeks and although I had treatment I did not improve. I could not eat or sleep and felt miserable and depressed. Dr. Williams' pink pills were recommended to me. I decided to try them. By the time I had finished the first box I felt much better. I continued with the pills and steadily regained strength, my appetite picked up and I began to sleep well. The constipation disappeared and I was soon able to get up and about again. I have now regained all my lost weight, and feel quite well."

Those who have tried Dr. Williams' brand of pink pills often say that the benefit follows their use is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually the reason is quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, banishes anæmia, and improves the digestion. Try them now: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

N. P. (Corwen).—"Many a wise word is spoken in jest." And many a foolish one in earnest

The EDITOR Laughs Last

"Why didn't you say Willie was practising? I've been half an hour oiling the gate."
—From "The Passing Show"

•CURIOUS (Ely). — "How did university education come into being?" By degrees.

MRS. T. (Dover). — "Philatelists are all alike." Men after the same stamp.

BATHING BELLE (Torquay). — "What is the best coiffure for the beach?" The shingle.

R. T. E. (Enfield). — "He came in dressed like a tailor's dummy." And made an exhibition of himself?

T. W. (Dover). — "I have never objected to working overtime." Are you a clock repairer?

W. W. (Winchester). — "Nothing alive could really thrive in some of the dark, mouldy houses described as old and romantic." Rats!

S. E. C. (Hexham). — "The son of a wholesale merchant has just joined our football team as a centre-half." And does he make a good middle-man?

LANDLORD (Stroud). — "I never have any difficulty in finding tenants." Not even when they are three weeks behind with the rent?

DENTIST (Edinburgh). — "I can claim that so far I have kept my diary for 1937 in perfect order." Trust a dentist to fill in the open spaces!

D. B. (Croydon). — "Thank goodness the day of bleeding the patient is over." It is evident you have not yet received your doctor's bill.

T. R. Y. (Rugby). — "The modern small boy can't stand flattery from his mother." He certainly won't allow her to soft-soap him.

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury). — "The man who takes another's view is a good-hearted fellow." Unless, of course, he's a builder who erects a villa bang in front of your bungalow!

HON. SEC. (Birmingham). — "The slippery roads kept all but a handful of people away from our dance." A frost.

CARPENTER (London, E.C.). — "People have told me that they can tell my trade when I speak." Have you a rasping voice?

N. W. (Fulham). — "He came into my shop, demanded a 20-inch collar, and refused to pay for it." What a neck!

EXECUTOR (Birmingham). — "All the deceased owned was a collection consisting of hundreds of old clocks." His estate will take a lot of winding up.

B. C. (Cornwall). — "All the time I was an engine driver on the line I never touched an intoxicating drink." And so never ran off the rails?

D. C. (Woking). — "Is there anything that you really hunger after?" Yes, fasting.

B. T. (Northampton). — "Who generally gives the bride away?" Her young brother, unless persuaded otherwise.

DENTIST (Leeds). — "Nothing is more persistent than the pain caused by a hollow tooth." It is difficult to stop.

P. D. (Scarborough). — "It's a great disadvantage to have a corn on the bottom of one's foot." On the contrary, nobody can tread on it there.

B. N. (Chelmsford). — "I am given to understand that aeroplane flights will soon be cheaper." The cost of going up is coming down.

H. E. (Dover). — "Nowadays nobody pays much attention to a parachute jump into the sea." Just a drop in the ocean, so to speak.

L. V. (Balham). — "Although I have only been travelling a fortnight, I get orders from every housewife I canvass." To shut the gate?

COOK (Sevenoaks). — "I accidentally dropped half a pound of lard in the fire, and didn't the mistress rave!" The fat was in the fire with a vengeance!

TRAINER (Worksop). — "Our defeats have had the result of making a team of us." You have been licked into shape, as it were.

O. F. V. (East Ham). — "I was proud when my little girl's teacher told me she had done her letters to-day without a single blot." Without a stain on her characters, in fact!

BUSINESS MAN (London, S.W.). — "A typewriter is not easy to manage." Especially if she has made an appointment for the evening she is asked to work overtime.

EXPLORER (Maida Vale). — "Ample supplies of whisky should be carried on expeditions into tropical countries as it is invaluable for snakebite." The trouble is, of course, to find enough snakes.

CLEANER (Whitechapel). — "As he would not pay his bill I retained the clothing, so he said that he would consult his solicitor." So now there is a suit pending.

AMATEUR (Lexden). — "In our next play I have the part of a man who is a silly ass, and the coach tells me that I am a great actor." Whereas, we suppose, you are simply being yourself.

P. J. T. (Aberdeen). — "You'd be surprised to hear the radio I made in 1931." You'd be even more astonished to hear the Receivers they're making in 1937; win one with a coupon from page 43 and don't blame us if you also receive a £50 cheque.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE IRISH PRESS:—"That is a very SHIRT-sighted view."

HERALD AND EXPRESS, TORQUAY:—"The PANE was taking off on a joy ride when it struck a stationary PANE, rose 50 feet into the air and nose-dived. . . ."

THE MONMOUTHSHIRE BEACON:—"He was badly bruised about the shoulders but luckily was not INJURED."

EXPRESS AND STAR, WOLVERHAMPTON:—"Ronald has a SEVERE artery in the wrist."

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"He developed SCEPTIC pneumonia at the same time as . . ."

THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE EXPRESS AND RADNOR TIMES:—"We would, therefore, appeal to every MOTH and father in the country to respond to the utmost of their power. . . ."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The HOUSE increased speed, but I noticed she had perfect control over it. . . ."

RHEUMATISM

QUESTIONS EVERY SUFFERER SHOULD ASK HIMSELF

Why do I suffer the excruciating pains of Rheumatism? Why are MY joints painful and creaky? Why do MY muscles feel as though they are tied into knots? There are thousands of other men and women of my age, who live in the same conditions as I do, yet they do not have to put up with this awful agony.

The answer is—LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS. The kidneys are wonderful filters of the waste matter which is being constantly formed in the body. But if the kidneys get rundown, through a chill, weakness, or as the result of some illness or over-indulgence, you soon become aware of something wrong. First, occasional pains shoot through the limbs, the back will ache, the urine will look muddy or otherwise discoloured. Later come pains in the joints and muscles.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are especially compounded to restore sick kidneys to health. Working gently but efficiently, they bring the kidneys back to health, reduce the inflammation, and so tone them up, that they are able once again to do their work—remove the waste matter from the system. Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS

BRAND

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Get Quick Relief from Indigestion

UNDER normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when breakdown comes, when the tragedy of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia looms before you, that you realise what good digestion really means.

Modern civilised conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked food, hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, daily bring fresh victims to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles. From the first dose you will get quick relief, and continued use will bring permanent relief—as it has done to thousands of others.

Do not wait until strength turns to weakness, until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. Take De Witt's Antacid Powder now before you become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

1/6 of all chemists Double size 2/6

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size 16½ x 10 x 9½in

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up to date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments of 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. M. of Eglon, writes:—"I have now had the opportunity to test the S3 Set, and I have nothing but high praise for the wonderful results achieved. I have had demonstrations by wireless from 10/- 15 Guinea sets, and it is remarkable but nevertheless true, that this Set surpassed them for clarity and sweetness of tone."

Mr. C. B. C. of Tenbury Wells, writes:—"I must thank you for such a lovely Set. I confess that I have never heard a better one. You are to be congratulated on a Set like this at such a low price."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) from any chemist. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Get Cystex to-day.

BILIOUS ATTACKS
QUICKLY BANISHED

Why suffer untold pain and misery when you can recover radiant health? For example, **Mrs. Hallas, 46, Regent Road, Blackpool,** says "I must write you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking it, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, **and I used to feel awful.** There were foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."—If you suffer from **Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver, or Internal Complaints** do not give up hope. Vitadatio is the **greatest herbal tonic and blood purifier** known. **It has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.** Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 1/- & 5/- per bottle (postage 6d. extra). From **VITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

Here are some special offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

You can obtain a generous sample of a famous tonic wine. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE.)

A free Cookery Book of special interest to housewives. (PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)

For 2/6 a week you can own a Vactric Junior Electric Vacuum Cleaner. Free booklet brings details. (PAGE FIVE.)

A Booklet giving details of a full range of Bush Radio Receivers. (PAGE TWELVE.)

A 48-page book of particular benefit to Asthma Sufferers. (PAGE THIRTY-FIVE.)

Particulars of safe and reliable ways of saving. (PAGES TWENTY and TWENTY-NINE.)

Look out for this MAN at your DOOR!

NOBODY welcomes a "Yes" Man. But here you see our "Yes, you have won!" Man. He has knocked at the doors of hundreds of readers, following a First Prize Joy Wire—and he will be at it again very soon.

North, South, East or West—our Interview Man goes where the best *Bullet* comes from. Enter the best effort for those splendid Coronation Prizes opposite and, a few days later, you will find him at your front door!

ARE YOU READY?

The 6,546 prizes offered for one week only on the opposite page are reasons enough for you to get busy on the *Examples*—but there is another one as well, and this is it.

You could have no finer training for our gigantic Ideal Home Coronation Offer, coupons for which will appear in next week's JOHN BULL.

With a £1,500 Ideal Home, £1,000 cash, £3 Weekly Life Pension and a Family Coronation Week shortly to be awarded for a single *Bullet* you need the most expert guidance you can get. Make sure, therefore, that you are registered for *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright little weekly which JOHN BULL provides free to all would-be winners.

Post off that easy Reservation Coupon on opposite page and you will be in time to receive a special double number of *Bullets Bulletin*, packed with hints for entrants in our huge Ideal Home Coronation Offer.

HE WON HIS HOME

A feature of this historic double number of *Bullets Bulletin* will be an absorbing article by Mr. G. R. Rainier on "Green Lawns," the beautiful £1,500 house in Avenue Road, Highcliffe, near Bournemouth, which was part of his 3-in-1 Ideal Home First Prize in a past *Bullets* Contest.

He takes you on a detailed tour of "Green Lawns," showing you all the points of interest in the beautiful house which JOHN BULL built for him on a site he selected.

ROUND THE WORLD

Liverpool, New York, Trinidad, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, St. Helena, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Madagascar. . . .

Such is the itinerary already covered by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smith, "Westbrook," Westbrook Road, Blackheath, in the course of their World Cruise won in *Bullets* last summer.

To-morrow stately s.s. *Franconia* sails into Bombay, where our travellers will have their first sight of the Orient; another 28,000 miles of luxury cruising and they will be home once more.

"How the time flies!" runs Mr. Smith's latest message. "It's over a month since we sailed and there has not been a dull moment."

WHY YOU CAN WIN

Before scoring their enormous successes, neither Mr. Smith, the World Cruise Winner, nor Mr. Rainier, who won the Ideal Home, had ever secured more than half a crown in *Bullets*!

Let that fact encourage you to make a determined attempt to bring our Interview man to your address, by doing your utmost to capture this week's fine 2-in-1 Coronation First.

Sart *now*, for you have only a few days to win!

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1060.

First Prize, £750 and Coronation Week as announced:

R. E. SKETCHLEY, 51, Wilby Street, Northampton.

Example: WHAT HITLER WANTS

Bullet: DAD READS—WHISTLES "TIPPERARY"!

SECOND PRIZE, £250 and Coronation Week as announced:

H. ASPIN, 8, Melrose Avenue, Layton, Blackpool.

Example: Through The Furnace

Bullet: Parent's Over Forgotten Fire-guard. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £50:

S. BREAR, 124, Swarcliffe Road, Harrogate.

Example: As Good As Gold

Bullet: "Jewel," Till "Uncle" Visited.

OTHER PRIZES:

£40: F. CHURCHILL, 161, Victoria Street, London, S.W.
Act Ltd Appland Penson's "Bouquet"—Works "Curtain"

£30: E. A. MOWBRAY, 55, Windermere Road, Nottingham.
Through The Furnace If She Said "Go"

£20: S. FINCH, 24, Caremont Park, Finchley, N.
Wifey Is Wise, So Rolling-pin's For "Stunning" *Meals!*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: J. WOOLLEN, 149, Woodville Street, St. Helens.
Gift Of The Gab An Agitator "Employs." Remember!

£16: Miss G. MINOLETTI, c/o Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
Fly In The Ointment Of Wife's Sympathy, Poultice!

£14: Mrs. M. COOKE, 27, Downderry Road, Downham, Kent.
Down To Brass Tacks—"Trip" Journeying Statesmen Omit.

£12: G. WESTCOTT, 1, Court Mansions, Hammersmith, W.
Chance For Me When "*Middle aged* Boy" Wanted!

£10: Mrs. C. JORDAN, 7, Highfield Gardens, Grays.
Dismal Jimmy *Bond* Upsets That "*Lemon*"

£9: R. SIMPSON, 174, Gt. Clowes Street, Salford.
Wifey Is Wise, So "Scenes" Few—Sees "View."

£8: J. FRANKS, Stukeley Road, Holbeach, Lincs.
In Our Local Collecting Boxes "Full," Too. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£7: E. EDWARDS, 24, Pentrepoeth Road, Swansea.
In Search Of Happiness Everywhere, Omitting Fire-light's "Dance."

£6: C. HISLAM, 121, Landells Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
Through The Furnace Again? Think We're "Half-baked"!

£5: T. TINLEY, Water Street, Rostrevor, Co. Down.
Dismal Jimmy Forgets We've "Cheery Tommy"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4 10s.: F. HETHERINGTON, 29, Robson Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Time To Rejoice Householder Wearily Unfurls Swastika!

£4: J. SMETHURST, 22, Astley Street, Preston.
As Good As Gold Copper Keeps Our "Tuppence."

£3 10s.: J. ROBERTS, 18, County Road, Penygroes, S.O., Carnarvonshire.
Through The Furnace To "Glow" Of Motherhood.

£3: Miss W. BEECH, 4, Victoria Avenue, Saffron Walden.
With Elbow-grease Let's *Stop* Sword "Shining."

A list of 50 £1 and 503 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices. Each cash prize-winner in Competition No. 1,060 will also receive a Coronation Surprise Gift.

"BULLETS" £500 BONUS.—Sixteen competitors qualified to share the extra £500 "Bulletin" Bonus offered in connection with "Bullets" Competition No. 1,059, and cheques for £31 5s. have accordingly been despatched to each.

"BULLETS FOOTBALL" No. 2 COMMITTEE'S DECISIONS

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
2	1	2	1	2	2	2	x	2	2	2	1

Result will appear in next week's issue as announced.

THIS CONTEST IS NOW CONFINED TO *BULLETS BULLETIN*. SECURE A REGULAR SUPPLY BY FILLING UP AND POSTING COUPON ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

"Homely remedies" so often [illegible] be useless in the treatment of [illegible] that it is not surprising the [illegible] supporters. Hot water, [illegible] Soda and temporary palliatives [illegible] can set up worse trouble than [illegible]

The curative remedy that [illegible] favoured by Doctors and Hospitals [illegible] Brand Stomach Powder. This [illegible] powder has brought lasting relief [illegible] of private cases which no home remedy [illegible] other could possibly benefit. Ask [illegible] which stomach powder he [illegible] Which is the one the public [illegible] on? The answer is always [illegible] MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You can always recognise it by the [illegible] "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle's carton. Why bear the burden of stomach trouble—why run the risk of [illegible] when such a popular dependable remedy is so easily obtainable? 1/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold [illegible]

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS
Why they go to Wales.

Nestling among the towering Welsh hills are famous Mineral Springs. Hosts of numbers of sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and kindred ailments have sought the relief that these waters, rich in mineral salts are known to give. You can obtain similar quick relief from your rheumatic pains by a similar method—at home without going away from home.

FYNNON SALT enables you to [illegible] in your own home the curative [illegible] which Welsh Spas are famous. It [illegible] the uric acid deposits and impurities in the blood which are responsible for the pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. After a few doses, these impurities disappear from the system.

A teaspoonful of FYNNON SALT in a glass every morning, equal in medicinal value to the tonic waters of famous spas, helps to banish pain. Muscles become supple, stiff joints are reduced to normal, suffering disappears and once again you enjoy the freedom of movement and [illegible] that you have missed so much.

A large tin of Fynnon Salt costs only 1/3. Get one from your [illegible] Chemist or Stores.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Removes Terrible ECZEMA

Bad Legs
Burns, Cuts
Chaps, Sores
Boils, Spots
Wounds, Abscesses
Psoriasis
Chilblains
Abscesses
Ringworm

Sufferers from **PILES** (Haemorrhoids) Should use **GERMOLOIDS** (Brand) The New Treatment. Sure & Speedy Relief. 1/3 Per Box

Germolene heals the worst skin trouble in record time. It soothes pain and instant itch immediately and starts at once to grow new healthy skin over inflamed, sore and sore areas. No trace of scar trouble can remain after Germolene has exerted its [illegible] action. Get Soothing, Cooling, Healing Germolene TO DAY.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION the Power of Germolene. Get a [illegible] Use it ALL! If you are not absolutely with the result, return the [illegible] side carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

TRIAL 6D SIZE

Standard Tins, Price 1/3, 3/- & 12/-, Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have begun [illegible] Ointment, never use anything [illegible]

GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

6d. per Tablet.

INCREASED CORONATION FIRST PRIZE
for 'Bullets' and
WAITING FOR 2 3 OR 4 WORDS
£400
and CORONATION SEATS FOR TWO
PLUS FARES AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATION FOR MAY 31 to JUNE 12
20 FINE CASH-plus-RADIO AWARDS
£50 PLUS RADIO
£25 PLUS RADIO
£20 PLUS RADIO
£15 PLUS RADIO
£10 PLUS RADIO
£9 PLUS RADIO
£8 PLUS RADIO
£7 PLUS RADIO
£6 PLUS RADIO
£5 PLUS RADIO
£4 PLUS RADIO
£3 PLUS RADIO
£2 10s. PLUS RADIO
25 of £1
500 of 26
2,000 'DOUBLE-STAR' TARGETS
4,000 'STAR TARGETS'
HEAR THE HISTORIC CORONATION BROADCASTS on this
One will be presented with each prize of £2 10 up to £50 thereafter
SUPERB "Ultra" Superhet RADIO
Value £9-19-6
ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN
CLOSING SAT. MAR 6
1063

ENTER BY SATURDAY, MARCH 6, FOR THESE FINE CORONATION PRIZES!

YOU have nothing to lose with your entry for the splendid *Bullets* prize-list now within your reach *for one week only.*

Enter your best *Bullet* and on Friday, March 19, a golden Joy Wire will bring you John Bull's congratulations on a magnificent 2-in-1 Coronation success. To celebrate winning a £400 fortune, this week's First Prize-winner will be privileged to bring a chosen companion up to London at JOHN BULL'S expense, to be provided with superb Coronation Seats and comfortable hotel accommodation as well.

This fine prize offer also brings you 20 splendid opportunities to enjoy perfect radio entertainment for months to come, including the historic Coronation programmes. To every cash prize from £2 10s. to £50 JOHN BULL will add a magnificent Ultra Superhet Receiver, value £9-19-6.

Only a few words are available for your Bullets, so start on them right away. The clear instructions below—you have plenty enough to win but time to lose!

THE WAY TO WIN

READ carefully through the *Examples* given and select, say, the six that appeal to you most as the basis for your Bullets. You will find ideas have taken your eye while studying the prize-list.

Your next task is to find ideas for your Bullets and you can start by gathering some from the *Examples* themselves. Against each of your chosen *Examples* then scribble down all the thoughts that any of them suggest to your mind.

These first efforts provide your raw material. Now each of your finished Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words only and original combinations closely related to the selected *Example*. So your next step is to prune and polish your rough notes into neat Bullets.

Suppose, for instance, that you had selected the *Example* WHEN CUPID SHOOTS, and against it noted the rough idea, Generally *Helped by Girl He's Missing At*. After a few minutes' thought you could, by following out the *Example's* shooting metaphor, produce the typical Bullet, WHEN CUPID SHOOTS—*She's* "ONE EYE CLOSED."

Before you start making your *Bullets*, study carefully the winners in our 1,060th Contest on the opposite page. Then make a start, remembering that your entry must be in by Saturday, March 6.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1 The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the next in order of merit, the test being originality. The Editor decides that no Bullet received shall have sufficient merit, a competent staff of Judges will be appointed. 2 Only two attempts may be submitted, and a postal order must be enclosed for 6d. for each coupon used. Postal orders must be made payable to ALLIED NEWSPAPERS LTD. Entrant's name, address and coupon number of which must be written on the envelope containing the Bullets submitted. Coupons cannot be exchanged. 3 The Editor's decision on any matter arising in connection with this Competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects and acceptance of the express condition of entry. ALLIED NEWSPAPERS Ltd. and their employees are not to compete.

CORONATION COLOSSUS NEXT WEEK

An IDEAL HOME, £1,000 cash, £3 weekly Life Pension, and Family Coronation Week for 3,000 Guineas as a lump sum) will be the colossal 4-in-1 First Prize for *Bullets* 1,064th Competition, followed by other big cheques galore and UNLIMITED CORONATION GIFTS

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,063)

BRITAIN'S PROBLEM
LIFE FOR ME
MASTER v. MAN
NO PEACE
HOW THE JOB'S DONE
WHEN FATHER HAD 'FLU
IF I WERE KING
REBUILDING
OUR LAMBS
MAN OF IMPORTANCE
WITHOUT A SMILE
WHEN CUPID SHOOTS
IGNORANCE
LET THE CAT OUT
SHE'S MUSICAL, SO
ROUGHING IT
WHAT THE GUIDE SAID
"LEAVE IT TO ME!"
SPADE-WORK
IN DIFFICULTIES
CAUSE OF THE ARGUMENT
SOON SPOTTED
AT THE CURATE'S WEDDING
UNPREPARED
SEEING IS BELIEVING, BUT
WHEN SHE DRIVES
DOESN'T FOLLOW
THE POLICEMAN SMILED AND
CHANGE IN THE ATMOSPHERE
THE MAILED FIST
UNCERTAIN
TO IMPROVE THE RACE
IN THE WRONG HANDS
GAVE HIM A KICK
BREAKING UP
TRAGEDY FOR HER

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette."

I have affixed 2d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If not entering for either Competition post coupon direct to Bulletin Dept., Odhams Press Ltd. 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,063) Closing SAT., March 6. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,063) Closing SAT., March 6. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,063) Closing SAT., March 6. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,063) Closing SAT., March 6. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Should you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,063 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,063, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keeps one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts back the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

Isn't she glorious? Everybody raves over her skin. For years she never washed her face with soap; she used to use a cleansing lotion as her skin was in such a bad condition. Now she washes her face with Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap; she considers it the most beautiful soap in the world. She says when you wash your face you cleanse the pores and put back the natural oils. Almond Oil which is in Zee-Kol Soap is the finest oil for the skin. I began to use it to-day. I can smell the perfume on my hands, and on my face too. I have never known a soap for 6d. so perfect, and with this lovely perfume. It was originally 1/-.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH
SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE, THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Recamier was a beautiful woman in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. Her salon was always crowded with celebrated people. She refused to be a lady-in-waiting to Josephine. Napoleon was attracted towards her. Her great beauty was her skin. She had no wrinkles even in her old age. It was no secret that to keep her arms rounded and her neck and complexion beautiful she used large quantities of Almond Oil, embodied as we make it in Doge Cream to-day.

In Tubes 6d and 9d
In Pots 1/- and 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. D66) 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

ZEE-KOL
The Wonder Skin Remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at

1/3 or a large tin 3/-

or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd.
(Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

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